



# Dateline '79

Overseas Press Club of America

Fortieth Anniversary



# Merit Changes Smoking.

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*'Enriched Flavor' cigarette sparks whole new taste era in low tar smoking.*

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Not too long ago, smokers believed that "if a cigarette had less tar, it had less taste too." Low tar cigarettes simply didn't taste very good.

Then along came MERIT and a whole new taste idea called 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And in three short years, smoking changed:

1. No other new cigarette in the last 20 years has attracted so many smokers as quickly as MERIT!
2. MERIT has swept past over 50 other brands in record time.
3. MERIT is continuing to attract high tar smokers—the most taste-conscious smokers of all!

It's clear: MERIT taste is changing attitudes toward low tar smoking.

**MERIT**  
Kings & 100's



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

© Philip Morris Inc. 1979



# “...and the temperature's HOT”

That's just about all that remains true  
of the old song about Managua,  
Nicaragua.



Three AP newsmen who have  
witnessed the tragic turn of events  
there were cited in the recent  
Overseas Press Club presentation of  
the Ben Grauer Award to AP Radio.  
The honor, for the “Best Radio Spot  
News from Abroad” was won by Tom  
Fenton, Lew Wheaton and Hal Moore—  
none of whom are in Broadcasting.

Irony? Lucky? Not at all. AP  
Newspeople are first and foremost  
*reporters*. There are 2750 of them  
around the world backing up the APR  
Staff in Washington. That's why no  
news gathering organization on earth  
can match AP in broadcasting or  
on paper.

## AP Radio

Associated Press Radio Network  
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Good Morning America News  
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Directions  
Animals Animals Animals  
ABC News Closeup  
ABC News Special Events  
ABC News Radio  
ABC News 20/20



ABC NEWS



# Editor's Note

Floyd Davis, then an artist-correspondent for Life magazine, painted the scene shown on the cover of this 40th Anniversary number of *Dateline*. The painting was made in the then famous bar of the Hotel Scribe in Paris in 1944. Floyd and his wife and fellow painter, Gladys, both of whom appear in the painting, are gone now—as are many others included in this group at the Scribe: Janet Flanner, Ernest Hemingway (whose widow, Mary, now owns the painting), A. J. Liebling, H. V. Kaltenborn, Charles Wertenbaker and Robert Capa. Others survive, and above all, the spirit of fellowship that existed in this and similar correspondents' water holes around the world continues within the Overseas Press Club.

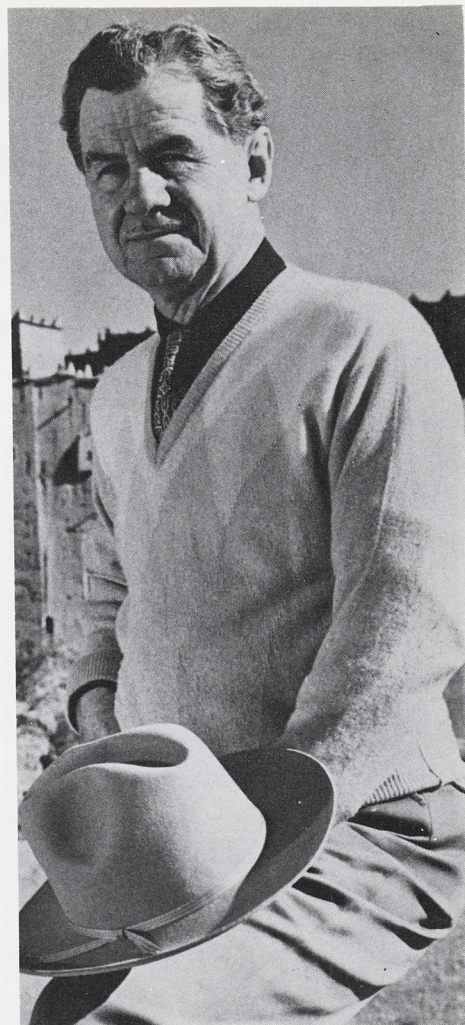
As one of the OPC's first presidents, I have seen the Club go through good times and bad, from friendly luncheons to greet returning wartime friends at the Lotos Club and Toots Shor's to our homes in the Times Building on Times Square, the elegant clubhouse on East 39th Street, the Republican white elephant on West 40th and our various passages through the National Democratic Club, the Time-Life Building, the Women's National Republican Club, the Biltmore Hotel and finally to our present home at the Chemist's Club. And this one seems to be just right.

During most of those moves the Club has successfully published an annual magazine, *Dateline*. To celebrate our 40th anniversary, this issue of *Dateline* is retrospective and includes some of the best from *Dateline* since its first issue in 1957. Note that I say "some of the best." We have only one issue available for our purpose and more than twenty issues from which to choose. We are proud of the distinguished contributors whose names

appear on the contents page of this issue. But it would be unfair not to note that among whose work we were not able to include were Neil Sullivan, Harrison Forman, Will Oursler, Alan Ozley, Louis Starr, A. I. Goldberg, Thomas H. Griffith, Ben Grauer, Tom Wolfe, Will Sparks, James Dale Davidson, Robert Blair Kaiser, Walter Logan, Nicholas Gage and many others who gave much time and effort to make *Dateline* an annual known and respected among journalists the world over, as is the Club for which it is published.

This issue is a souvenir of a fellowship that began in bars such as the one at the Scribe in Paris as well as on battlefields and at press conferences the world over—and continues to this day.

Lowell Thomas



COURTESY LIFE, © 1945, TIME, INC.

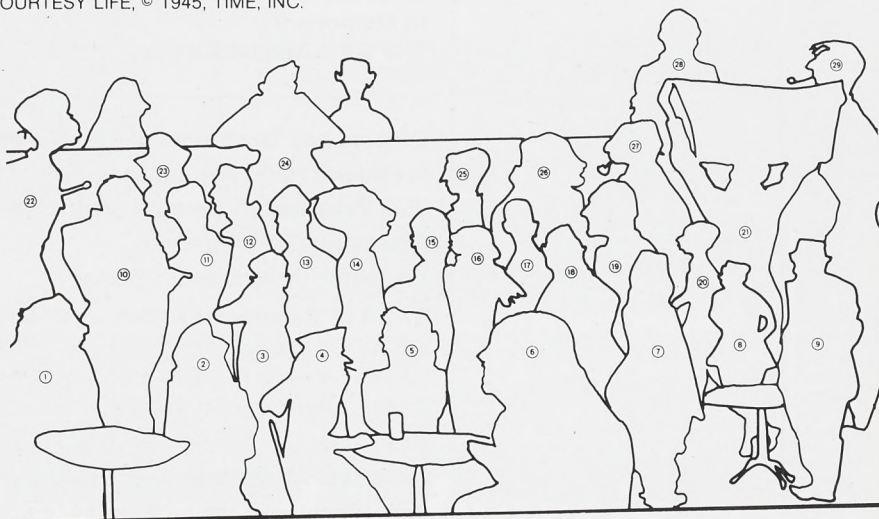


Diagram identifying people in painting of Scribe bar during World War II, shown on cover

- |                          |                      |                         |
|--------------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Floyd Davis           | 11. Bill Reusswig    | 21. Ralph Morse         |
| 2. Gladys Rockmore Davis | 12. Ham Green        | 22. Unidentified        |
| 3. Dave Scherman         | 13. Bob Cromie       | 23. Unidentified        |
| 4. Janet Flanner         | 14. Hugh Schuck      | 24. Unidentified        |
| 5. William L. Shirer     | 15. Will Lang        | 25. Unidentified        |
| 6. Ernest Hemingway      | 16. Lee Miller       | 26. Charles Wertenbaker |
| 7. A. J. Liebling        | 17. Graham Miller    | 27. Unidentified        |
| 8. Merrill Mueller       | 18. Donald MacKenzie | 28. Robert Capa         |
| 9. H. V. Kaltenborn      | 19. Robin Duff       | 29. Noel Busch          |
| 10. Richard de Rochemont | 20. Unidentified     |                         |

**LOWELL THOMAS**, an early OPC member, was its fourth president. At 87, he continues an active career as an author and broadcaster.



# Dateline '79

Overseas Press Club of America Fortieth Anniversary

1979 Volume 23

<b>Editor</b>	Lowell Thomas		
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\*Deceased

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# OPC President's Message

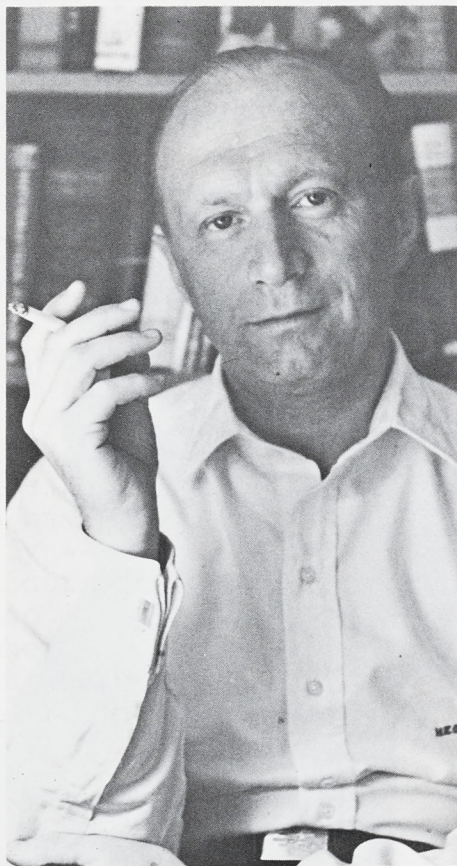
This being our 40th anniversary year, the temptation is strong to dwell on the history of the Club. This having been done, more or less, with varying degrees of accuracy in preceding issues of *Dateline*, as well as in this one, I shall confine myself, in deference to tradition, to a minimum of historical data of more recent vintage.

Approximately ten years ago the author of this page referred to the year which then had just passed as the year of the "Imminent Eviction." We can now go one better as we have just passed the year of the "Possible Extinction." When the Club's new administration took office during the spring of 1978, it was within 72 hours that a few developments took place worth recording. To start with, a kindly, bowler-hatted process server presented us with the largest financial law suit in the Club's history; our Bulletin editor was transferred to Washington, D.C.; our pillar of strength, Mary Novak, took a medical leave of several months; and the Biltmore Hotel not only threatened to stop serving food but also hinted its intention to shut the bar at seven o'clock in the evening—which in a press club is an act equal to flying the Stars and Stripes upside down.

It did not take long for this combination of circumstances, plus other developments, to take its toll. Our Club quarters had the cheerful atmosphere of an army induction center, the bar became a reminder of the first days after prohibition was written into law, and a trade publication referred to the Overseas Press Club as a center filled with geriatric opportunities. The annual awards dinner fell by the wayside and was replaced with an awards presentation. At a Board meeting about that time the ugly word "bankruptcy" erupted, but was quickly squashed as a totally unacceptable solution.

---

**HENRY GELLERMAN**, long active in OPC affairs, was elected its president in 1978.



It was also the beginning of an era where many prestigious and not so prestigious clubs began to feel the economic bite. At the crossroads in the world of finance on Wall Street, the famous and exclusive bistro known as the Bankers Club quietly closed its doors, prompting the New York Times to call this event "a victim of our time." We mention this only as a backdrop against our own scenario—moving in with the Chemists Club, retaining our independence and club structure.

Yet throughout these difficult days and weeks that followed, the strength of the Club's prestige prevailed and so did the loyalty of our members. The Board of Governors, numerous committees and many individuals continued their efforts, not only solving serious problems, but creating a new foundation upon which to build the future.

And we did.

Our new clubhouse is a cheerful and inviting meeting place, serving food and drink in pleasant surroundings and is offering comfortable lodging facilities at reasonable prices to our out-of-town members.

Our financial picture has vastly improved and our major law suit has been settled for a fraction of its original claim. Old members—not enough of them—are returning to the Club and applications for new memberships have slightly increased.

Our 40th anniversary awards dinner, under the honorary chairmanship of that distinguished journalist and former OPC President, Lowell Thomas—supported by an honorary committee of leaders of the nation's major newspapers, magazines, news organizations and the electronic media—at the Waldorf-Astoria, was a "sold-out" event. We received worldwide press coverage, and President Carter, in a telegram, stated "our nation owes the members of the Overseas Press Club a great debt for their fearless commitment to truth."

However, there is still one important job to be done. With the housekeeping and financial problems out of the way, we must now concentrate on strengthening our membership, not only numerically but, even more important, bringing to our fold even more men and women engaged in the print and electronic media. In so doing, we will do justice to Articles II and III of our charter, which say: "to bring together men and women whose past and present activities in the service of American journalism here and abroad have given them mutual interests."

It is with this in mind that a membership drive, based on selectivity, not size, has already begun as I write these lines. It will attempt to rebuild and strengthen our position as a meaningful platform of public opinion, a force on behalf of the freedom of the press, and a position of importance in the communications world.

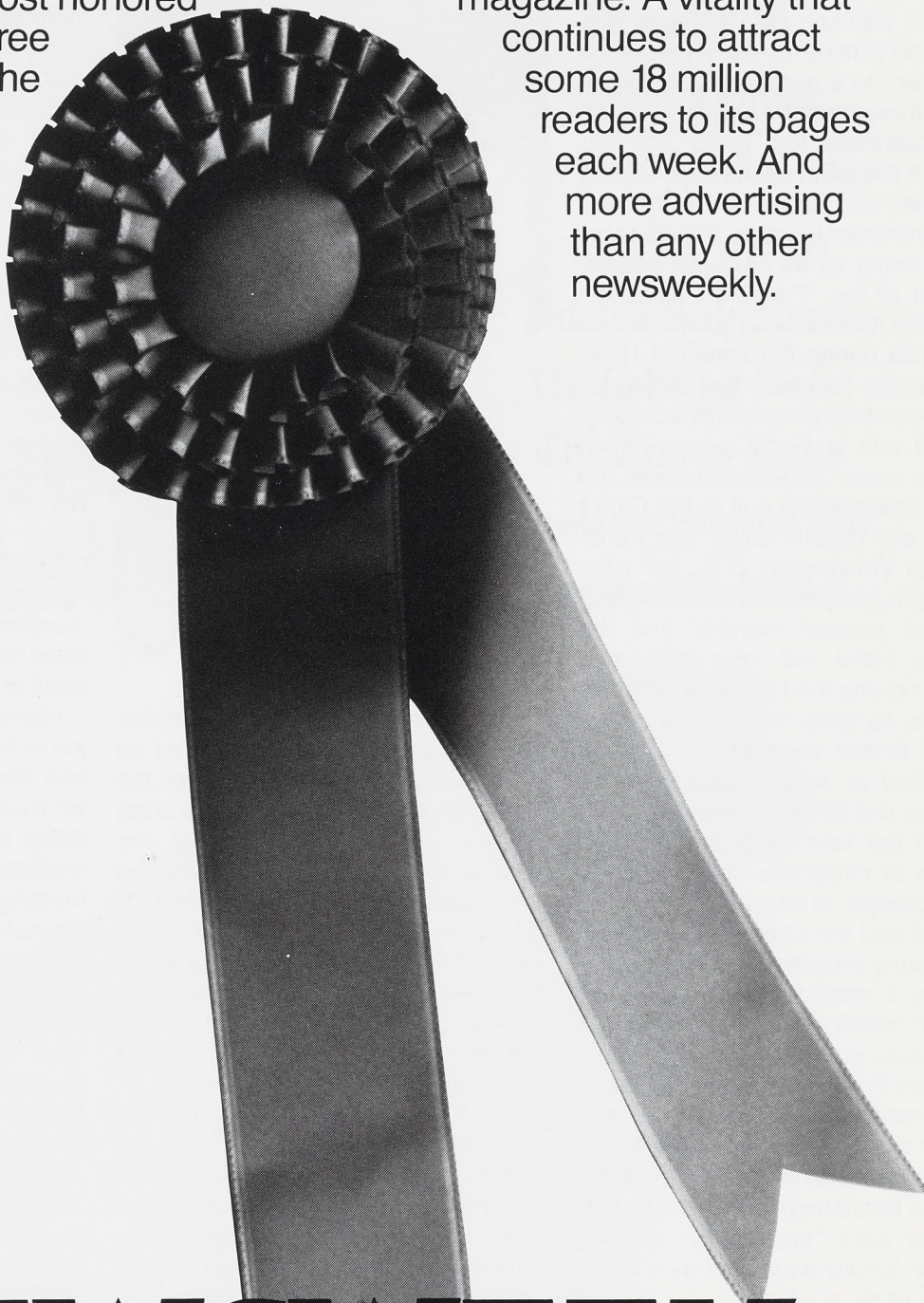
Henry Gellermann



# NEWSWINNING

Earning more than 300 awards for journalistic excellence since we started counting in 1962 (34 so far this year), Newsweek has long been the most honored of the nation's three newsweeklies. The awards—for distinguished writing, for resourceful reporting, for

interpretation of complex events, for features, columns, graphics, design and photography—reflect the exceptional vitality of the magazine. A vitality that continues to attract some 18 million readers to its pages each week. And more advertising than any other newsweekly.



# NEWSWEEK



THE WHITE HOUSE

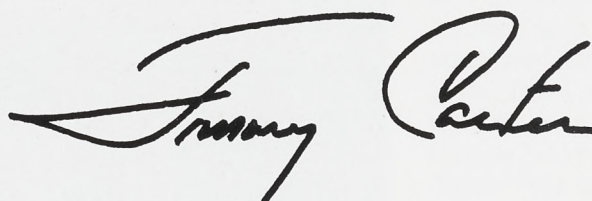
WASHINGTON

May 17, 1979

Please accept my heartiest congratulations on the fortieth anniversary of the Overseas Press Club.

During peace and war, members of the Overseas Press Club have consistently -- and often courageously -- kept the American people informed about an ever-changing world. Your accurate and informed dispatches have contributed to the development and the maturation of American foreign policy. Moreover, you have been dedicated champions of human rights and have defended the freedoms of all foreign correspondents.

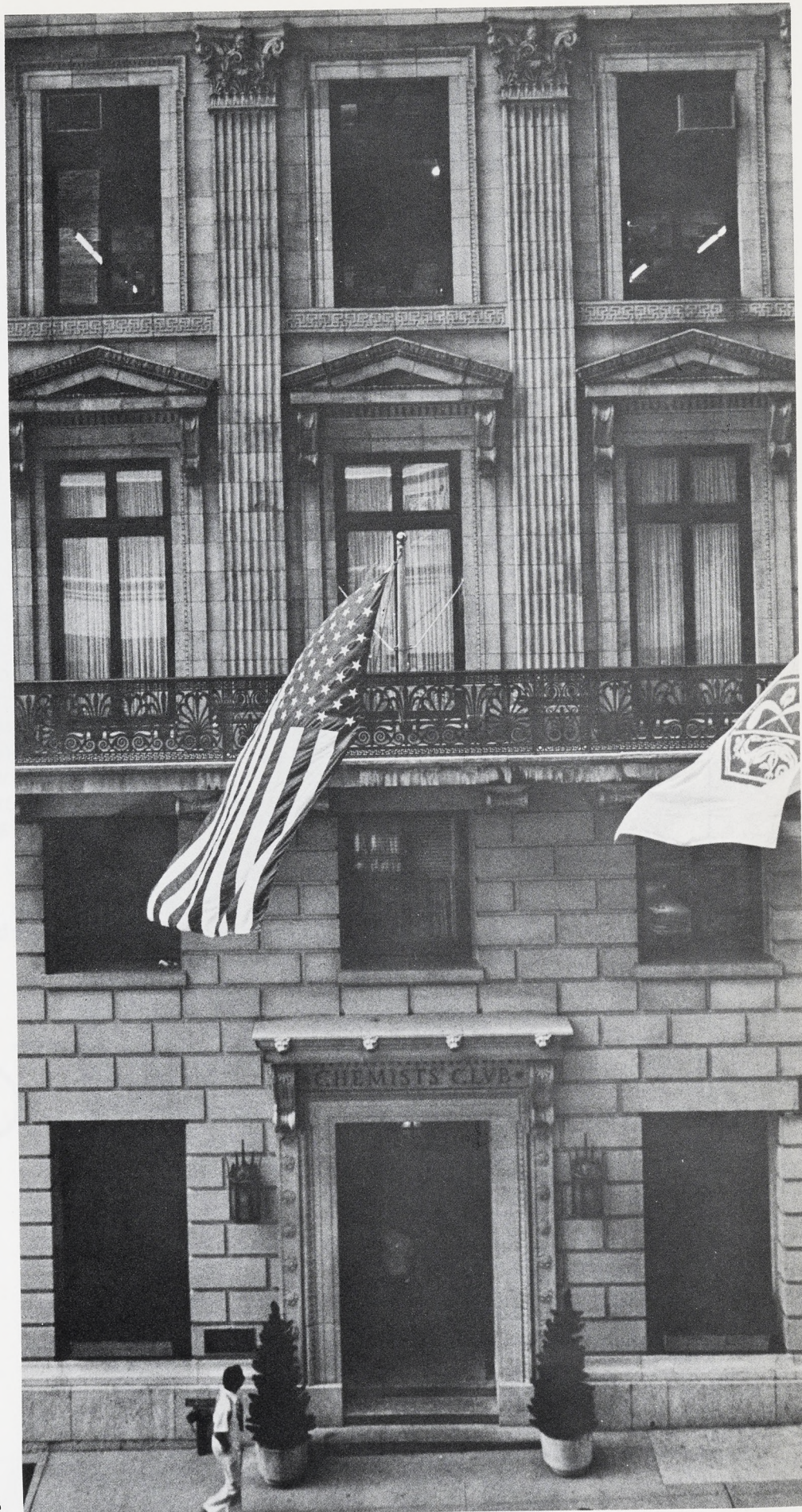
I believe that our nation owes the members of the Overseas Press Club a great debt for their fearless commitment to truth.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Jimmy Carter". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, sweeping "J" and a distinct "Carter" at the end.



# Down Memory Lane

**Burnet Hershey**  
(1964)



**BURNET HERSHEY**, a founder and the  
10 third president of OPC, died in 1977.

**Chemists Club**



THE hair on the heads of the remaining founding members of the Overseas Press Club has indeed turned to silver, but we love the Club just the same.

Twenty-five years ago this April 9, 1964, a handful of men and women reporters back from service overseas sat around a table in Manhattan's Hotel Algonquin and talked. From that session evolved a *confrérie* unequaled anywhere for its wealth of fourth estate talent. Foreign and domestic correspondents, radio and TV commentators, editors, authors, publicists—we claim this peripatetic clan as kindred.

From nine founding members and 16 charter members, we've grown to some 3,200 strong, and still growing, which is the main reason we've had to move to bigger and better quarters no fewer than eight times.

Charlie Ferlin was a reporter (A.P., U.P., Paris Herald) who had covered the prewar Paris-Berlin-Moscow beat. In March 1939, back from Europe, he hunted around for some ex-foreign correspondents with whom he could talk shop over a comradely bottle. Rocky's Bar on the corner of 9th Street and Sixth Avenue reminded Charlie of Harry's New York Bar in Paris, so he frequently did his nostalgic imbibing there. In this saloon, with the late Sam Dashiell and Hal Lehrman (ex-A.P., Paris, then with Havas) as drinking companions, the OPC idea was born.

Sam covered France and North Africa for the United Press and knew by first name a score of fellow correspondents now returned to America. He and Charlie put together a list of names. Gene Lyons of the U.P., back from Moscow, submitted some more. A phone call from Charlie to Wythe Williams, then editor of *Greenwich Time* in Connecticut, set up a date at the Hotel Algonquin for the first meeting (a brunch) of the unnamed club. The two had the sense to reckon with the power of women and rounded up Irene Kuhn and Mary Knight, back from assignments in the Far East, Fay Wells

and Sonia Tamara. Together they comprised the nine founding fathers and mothers. They had also recruited seven other friends and colleagues to join them for that historic brunch—16 present in all. The date was April 9, 1939.

At the second official meeting, the all-important organizational session, there were 30 of us. The original constitution and bylaws were the work of Lyons (later to become president of the Club, now a senior editor of *Reader's Digest*) and Columnist Irene Kuhn. Also present with many of us lesser luminaries were Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Bob Davis of the *Sun*, and others of like stature.

Bob Davis landed us a rent-free mezzanine office and club room at the Hotel Gladstone on 52nd Street, actually the first permanent "home" of the OPC. It was not much—a small, windowless sitting room adjoining a cubicle furnished with a desk, accordion paper file box, and a rented typewriter. We printed our own stationery with the double-globe insignia that is still our trademark. Here, at the Gladstone, thanks to the generosity of hotel management's "rental courtesy," we launched the OPC on its way toward a truly great first year. Our membership jumped to 300 when the war in Europe forced more correspondents into "exile" back home. We held weekly luncheons, often making news. During our two thriving, rent-free years at Gladstone, our annual dinners were instituted.

We now felt assured enough to break with tradition. And we did. We were admitted into the venerable Lotos Club where, for almost five years, we wrote a lively chapter of our history.

Our next stop was Times Square. Following our years of fraternity at the staid Lotos, we went in for pleasurable independence in the crazy triangular suite we rented in the Times Tower; year, 1947. Yes, we really began to pay our own rent, and to sell our own drinks, the latter strictly by literary license. We

didn't have a liquor license. We stayed in Times Square seven years.

Flashback, 1939: three pals at Rocky's Bar dreaming of a press club. Dateline, 1954: an elegant five-story town house on 39th Street, our new midtown World Press Center; membership of the club in the thousands. During our extremely fruitful and memorable years on 39th Street, we opened our doors to the public through art and photo exhibits, panels and distinguished speakers. We gave our forum to national and international figures. Audience overflow often took us out of our own clubhouse and the squeeze of lively success, welcome though it was, began to pinch us once again. In 1959, action for a larger World Press Center got underway.

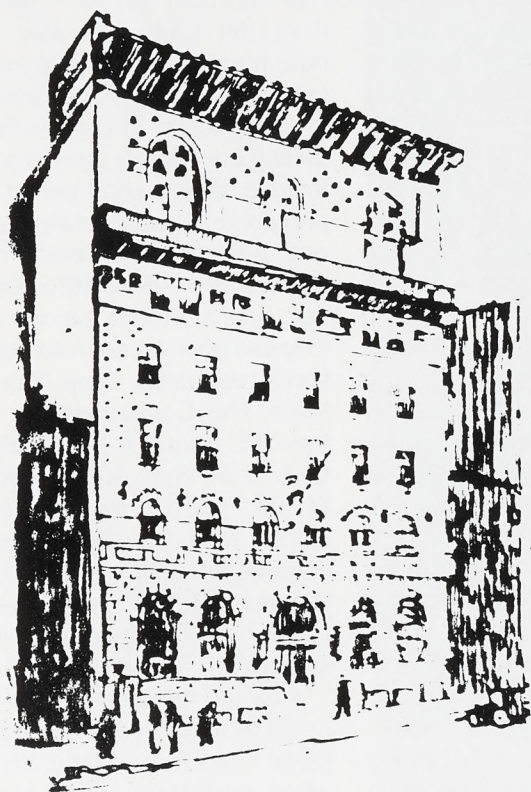
As it happened, we would have had to move in any event. A building boom had hit 39th Street. The hallowed Princeton Club was sold, an office building planned in its place, and our two small buildings fell across the path of construction. This might have meant battling our poverty against a brick wall. Instead, after a short period of brilliant *pourparlers*, our negotiators concluded one of the most successful real-estate deals of its kind—a \$675,000 price for our displacement pains. This was followed soon by an even more sensational real-estate coup. Working as a team, The Correspondents Fund and the OPC acquired the old Republican Club at 54 West 40th Street, opposite Bryant Park and the New York Public Library (some members consider the latter as auxiliary "sleeping quarters"). We paid \$600,000 for the eleven-story G.O.P. lair—furniture and equipment included! Time, 1961.

After our first year on 40th Street we could look back on meetings, panels, press conferences and social galas which have come to be regarded as uniquely "OPC." In line with our Government's policy embodied in the Alliance for Progress, special emphasis was given to visiting Latin American personalities. Chiefs of state, ambas-





Rocky's Bar



Lotus Club



Times Square





40th Street

39th Street

sadors and ministers came to call and to speak.

Sifting the deposits of the past 25 years, we find that the interest and curiosity of the OPC membership led us into extended areas of civilized activity other than shop talk at the Club. We continue to strive for the highest standards in journalism by bringing to public attention the winners of the OPC annual Awards. Book Nights for our our journalist-authors and distin-

guished non-member authors are now a regular and popular feature. The late President Kennedy (*Profiles of Courage*) was a Book Night guest. We dabble in travel (charter flights to Europe for members); Sunday musicales, gastronomy (*the OPC Cookbook*), art exhibits, education, journalism seminars and editorial forums.

But it is the newsman himself who makes the OPC a center of international life in the heart of New York.

It is he who gathers and reports the news, interprets it, talks his head off about it. And it is he who often risks his life to get it.

The first 25 years of the Overseas Press Club has brought us to a healthy young maturity as we look to the challenges ahead. Space age? What newspaperman doesn't know how to grab space? That challenge is a natural.

I say, where's Charlie? Let's drink to Baby's next 25.





**Biltmore Hotel**

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Fifteen of those "next 25" are gone, as is Burnet Hershey himself, the clubhouse at 54 West 40th and some 1800 of those 3200 members. A scandal, mismanagement and a rift with the Correspondents Fund cost us the clubhouse and many members drifted away as the new facilities offered failed to equal those which had brought in so many members. The OPC accepted briefly the hospitality of the National Democratic

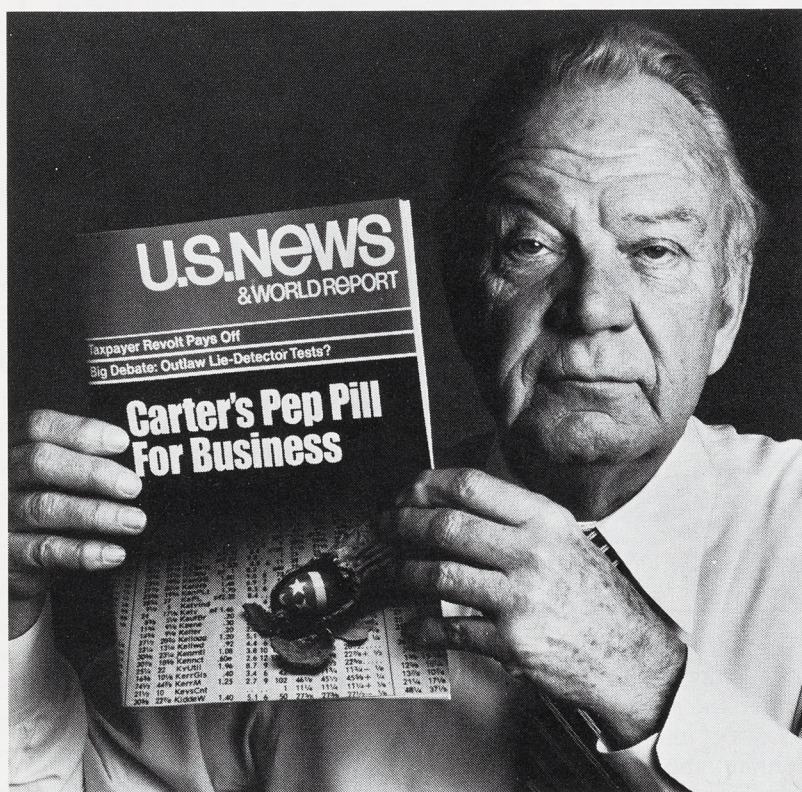
Club at its beautiful building on East 37th Street (one that club was soon to lose); then moved to cafeteria-style quarters at the Time-Life building; endured a brief period as the guest of the Women's National Republican Club on West 51st Street; and finally settled in for a stay in rooms of its own at the Biltmore Hotel. The OPC was able to rebuild its schedule of activities and events at the Biltmore and regain some of the members it had lost, but most

members found the hotel setting and service not that which they expected in a club. In 1979, the OPC was fortunate enough to be able to arrange to share the full facilities of the Chemists Club at 52 East 41st Street and, in a very short time, has been able to stem the loss of old members, attract new ones and move former members to apply for reinstatement. We have faced the challenges of the years and can join Burnet in drinking to those to come.



# "Have you ever met anybody who actually reads this magazine?"

JOHN H. SWEET, PRESIDENT, U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT



Only 9.4 million very, very selective people do read it.

Because this magazine contains no cute pictures.

No cute writing.

No gossip.

No entertainment.

No stylishly warmed-up old news.

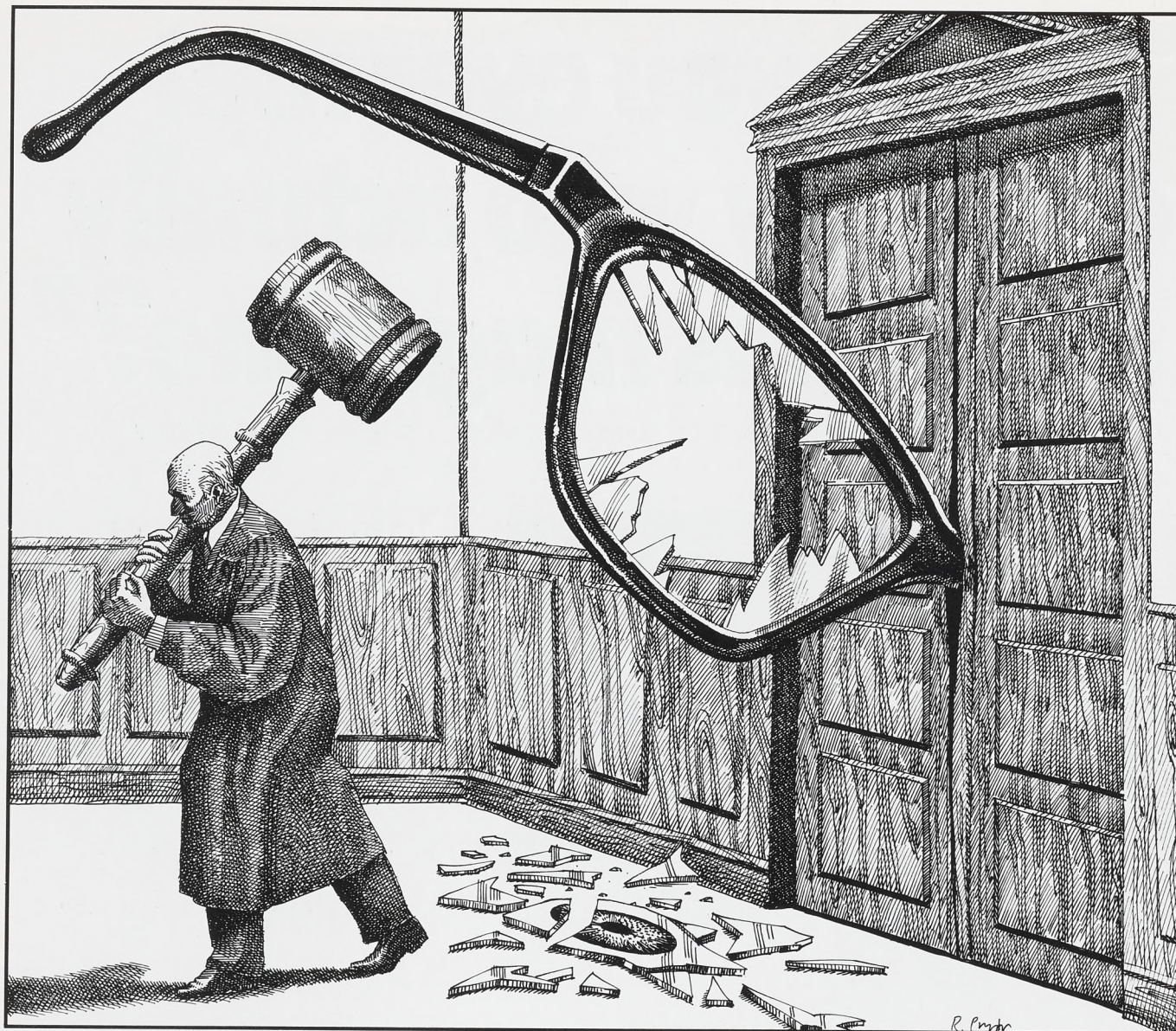
None. Ever. This magazine isn't sugar-coated. Does that mean it's designed to repel non-serious readers? Definitely.

For amusement, you simply have to go elsewhere.

**U.S. NEWS**  
& WORLD REPORT

**We spare our readers unimportant news.  
We spare our advertisers unimportant readers.**





## THE DOORS OF INJUSTICE

SENECA FALLS, New York—In 1976, an ex-policeman disappeared while fishing on Seneca Lake in Upstate New York. Two men were arrested and accused of his murder, even though the body was never found.

Carol Ritter, court reporter for Gannett Rochester Newspapers, went to cover the pretrial hearing for the accused.

When she arrived at the courtroom, Ritter and other reporters were barred from the hearing on the pretext that the accused would not be able to get a fair trial if the pretrial hearing was covered by the press.

The Gannett Rochester Newspapers strongly disagreed and challenged the judge's right to close the doors of justice to the people, including the press. They took that challenge to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Gannett believes no judge should have the right to shut the people and their free press out of such pretrial hearings, where an overwhelming majority of criminal prosecutions are resolved.

Can you imagine up to 90 percent of all court cases being settled in secret? Gannett could not. But on July 2, 1979, the Supreme Court ruled it could happen.

Gannett protests vigorously this abridgment of the First Amendment. Not only has the Court limited journalists' access to gathering and reporting the news for the public, but it has also

trampled on the people's freedom to know, the cornerstone of our rights as a free people in a free society.

The freedoms of the First Amendment must be cherished, not shackled.

At Gannett, we have a commitment to freedom in every business we're in, whether it's newspaper, TV, radio, outdoor advertising or public opinion research.

And so from Burlington to Boise, from Fort Myers to Fort Wayne, every Gannett newspaper, every TV and radio station is free to express its own opinions, free to serve the best interests of its own community in its own way.

**Gannett**  
A World Of Different Voices  
Where Freedom Speaks



# Now In My Day, Son

**Albert Stevens Crockett**

(1957)

**W**HILE I cannot claim as did Will Rogers "that all I know is what I read in the papers," editors have assured me that I am dated beyond redemption. To contrast my days as a newsman with what you readers know, it is easier because of my ignorance to draw on the past and leave it to you to make comparisons. Let the carbon dioxide, or the H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>, spray whom it may.

Back in 1900, and for some years thereafter, newspaper reporters did not rate high in the esteem of a large majority of Americans. One of our clan was classed somewhere between a book agent and a horse thief. Most of us were undoubtedly honest and otherwise respectable. It was the activities of a few who kept soliciting from suckers contributions to build a "home for us poor guys who've been fired from newspapers" and who had a habit of borrowing from easy marks, and never paying, that spread the smell of the *Allium cepa* over the rest.

One day—in 1910, I think—Charles M. Schwab, first president of United States Steel, accosted me in the lobby of the old Waldorf.

"You know newspapermen very well," he said. "Tell me, do they ever pay their debts?"

"Usually, I believe." I had other memories.

"Well, I was looking over my papers the other day and I found IOUs from newspapermen totaling over \$80,000!"

Not until World War II demonstrated that foreign corresponding could prove a dangerous business did the American newsman really come into his own. That men and women were willing to risk their lives in the effort to keep our

people informed as to what was really happening in distant fields of combat made the public really wake up and set a new value upon our tribe.

Between Fort Sumter and Pearl Harbor, so far as I have been able to ascertain, only two American correspondents suffered any injury whatsoever. Both were accused by competitors of sheer bravado. No, I was never a war correspondent. I was once sent from Kingston to find a war in Venezuela and cover it, but the damned thing didn't break out for thirty years and after a month of loafing around I was recalled.

What I read about American politics these days awakens a good deal of respect for my tribesmen who tell our so-called statesmen just what should be done to save the country and the world. One of my untender years is constrained to envy those modern correspondents who know generals, admirals and the great brass of a sometimes brass-bound Congress well enough to call them by their first names. Well, I did know Generals Nelson A. Miles and Leonard Wood slightly, but the only high-ranking officer of the later United States Army I ever knew fairly well was John J. Pershing, then military governor of Moro Provinces. We exchanged occasional letters until shortly before his death, but most certainly it would have been sheer audacity to call him "Jack."

In two books I made the fatal mistake of using the third person throughout instead of proclaiming acquaintance with almost everybody named. Experience has taught that if one gets up on a soapbox and shouts, "I did that!" and yells it loudly and long, he'll get attention.

But as a writer about the human scene I have been a victim of journalistic frustrations of many sorts, particularly those involving manuscripts. As a rejected suitor for

---

**ALBERT STEVENS CROCKETT** began his newspaper career in 1899. At the time of his death in 1977, he was OPC's oldest living member.



magazine favor, I must hold the record. Years ago, the regularity with which rejections hit the deck outside my apartment so preyed on my spirits that I composed a dirge, words and music. The first stanza is forgotten. The last runs:

"Nor ever shall I sing *Te Deum*  
Until me claims some mausoleum.  
There I'll not hear, outside my door,  
Those manuscripts flop on the floor!"

An oldster, such as I, is amazed by the preference of many American newsmen for Scotch as a beverage. I had to drink it in London, but never got used to it even when Sir Thomas Dewar in frequent cocktail hours at the old Hotel Cecil, or the Savoy, insisted on picking up the tab—provided his own "White Label" had been guzzled. When the alarm is sounded and somebody offers me bourbon, I think as did my old friend, Buffalo Bill, "Suh, you speak the language of my tribe!"

And if I may be so bold as to say so, I think we American legmen in the London of the first few years of the century dressed a mite better than the regiment of Yankee correspondents who these days grope for news in the original home of Smog. For example, take our work clothes. True, the full-skirted Prince Albert of 1901 gave way to the

morning-coat about 1903, but otherwise we wore striped trousers, silk hats and often spats!

There were two reasons for our disguise. One was to impress hotel clerks and Mayfair butlers. Another was to avoid being mistaken for English pressmen, whose standing at the Press Club bar in Fleet Street seemed more important than any consideration for soiled linen and frayed trouser bottoms. Those of younger generations, whose reputed earnings permit paying \$150 to \$200 for a suit of clothes made by a tailor with a "name," might scoff at revelation of what I used to pay a tailor who in time, I trained to make clothes fitting far better than any turned out by Saville Row for American customers. A morning suit complete with coat, waistcoat and trousers cost about \$20 or \$21.

But this is a different world from the one in which I was born. And how! Why, nowadays if one isn't careful, they'll even try to send you on to Paradise before your time. One morning in 1936, I awoke to find myself "dead." Dead, that is, according to a morning newspaper. As not one person in ten is apt to read a begrudged one-line correction buried on a back page the next day, some people still think I am underground. I didn't quite believe it then. Somehow I still don't believe it now.

## Every year, our journalists travel far enough to get to the moon and back 9 times.

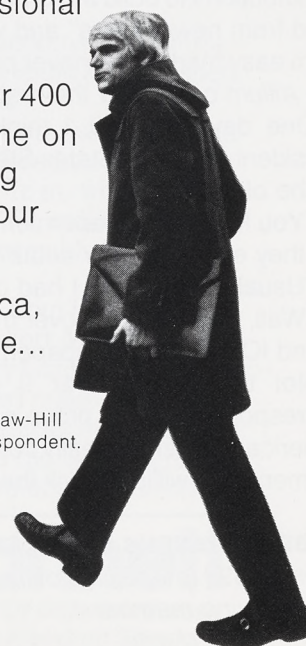
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# The Old Journalism

Bob Considine

(1969)

**D**ear God, may I be fair. Circumstances and dumb luck have placed in my thumby paws a degree of authority which I may not fully comprehend. Let me not profane it.

Give me the drive that will make me check and counter-check the facts. Guide me when, lost for want of a rudder or a lead, I stumble through the jungle of speculation. Grant me, as the poet sang:

*The courage to change the things I can change;  
The serenity to accept those I cannot change, and  
The wisdom to know the difference.*

The 26 sharp-edged tools we call our alphabet can do what other tools do: build or destroy. Let me build. But let me know clearly, also, what should be destroyed, what darkness, what bigotry, what evil, what curse, what ignorance.

Never let me slip into writing DOWN, in fatuous fear that readers will not understand. Let me write from the shoulder, and always with the assumption that those who read know more than I.

Such news as I find or comes my way, let me tell it quickly and accurately and simply, with an eye to my responsibilities. For news is precious. Few could live without it. When it is stopped or thwarted or twisted, something goes out of the hearts of men it might have nourished. Confront a starving man with his choice of a succulent meal or the promise to reveal instantly news of great importance, and he will first take the news. THINK pieces, as we say in the trade to identify articles and columns contrived out of airy nothingness, or from a prone position, can never replace

the meat and potatoes of news.

Let me champion just causes, avoid expediency, never lose the stimulation engendered by printer's ink. Remind me to be kind to copyboys, for I'll meet them on the way back down—when they are editors. Protect the innocent from me when, with deadline pressing, my aim grows fuzzy.

Make me use my legs and eyes, the better to track down and see the truth. Deafen me to the Lorelei song of rootless hearsay, rumor, and the gossip of town loafers. If word that could cause great harm comes to me, even from sources far above reproach, let me have the dexterity and decency to phone and ask the subject about it.

When the customers write in to accuse me of being a bum, let me consider carefully the possibility or probability that I am...and try to do better. Let me work harder, try harder and recall with proper humility that history produced some notably abler reporters, including four journeymen named Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

Let my stomach rebel at plucking meat from publicity handouts and let me not be miffed when someone says, "You had a pretty good piece last week but I can't remember what it was."

As long as our men fight, sweat, freeze and die in actual or cold war, sacrifices which at times should make our food stick in our throats and our luxuries a torment, let me never cheaply use the words "courage" or "guts" to describe the means by which a pitcher wins a ball game, a gridman bucks a line, a golfer sinks a putt, or a fellow makes a speech.

And above all, let me recall repeatedly what the great teachers of the past...Moses and Socrates and Christ...would have done if by some alchemy they had been given the breathtaking break of swift and far-flung communications.

---

**BOB CONSIDINE**, longtime INS and Hearst correspondent and columnist, and a past president of the OPC, died in 1975.



*"It is one of the few useful things ever invented."*

—Mahatma Gandhi, from prison

When Mahatma Gandhi landed in Poona Prison, a Singer sewing machine helped him maintain his symbol of resistance, the loincloth: he found a Singer machine and made his own.

And at this very moment in Houston, the crews of the spaceship Enterprise are learning to fly the space shuttle in a simulator made by Singer.

And in Albany, N.Y., the kid that *didn't* become a news item is learning to be an auto mechanic at the Job Corps Center operated by Singer.

And who knows, if Harry Truman had had a Singer air conditioner, he might never have said, "If you can't stand the heat..."

And here's the point: what The Singer Company is and does may be quite different from what you think The Singer Company is and does. Why not question any of these people at our world headquarters at 30 Rockefeller Plaza in New York (212-581-4800). After November 1, 1979 headquarters will move to 8 Stamford Forum, Stamford, Conn. 06901 (203-356-4200).

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# Les Girls

## Lenore Hershey

(1968)

**I**s the male discrimination bloc, the Only-man-can-go line, the *Herren* Curtain, still keeping feminine reporters from overseas service in action spots?

No matter how you listen to the placating paeans of the brass about the marvelous women on their staff, the answer is still largely yes. True, a small, tolerated and highly talented minority of dauntless ladies manage to crash through the barriers, as they always have and always will. But just as in 1918, when Peggy Hull Deuell donned her officer's maxishirt and went to France to get the A.E.F. story (even to the extent, in the adjacent sense, of sleeping with the soldiers), a woman correspondent is a rarity.

Let's be generous. Some of the opposition to women at battlefronts is founded on the timeless and commendable motivation of male protectiveness. This is not to be confused with pseudo-chivalry: "If a woman gets killed in a shooting war, it's an insult to the commander and he gets asked a lot of questions." There's also the old law of supply and demand: one visiting female at the front is not enough to comfort a large number of generals, which is translated into the fact that she is a threat to the leashed passions of the enlisted personnel.

Then there's that cliché, no "facilities." Restricted from a trip to the South Pole, Elaine Sheppard was told it was because there were no facilities in Antarctica, no doubt meaning that the bushes were too cold and that the penguins pecked. A friend sent her a parcel, publicly labeled "Traveling

**LENORE HERSHEY** is now editor-in-chief of *Ladies Home Journal*.



Peggy Hall, war correspondent accredited to General Pershing.



John," containing disposable equipment. With it came a message: "Cable the Admiral 'Have toilet, will travel'."

There are valid reasons for keeping women out of danger areas, of course. One does not easily forget a Dickey Chapelle, who met death by a Viet Cong land mine in 1965. Bob Considine wrote of her, "She ventured where angels and men twice her size and half her age feared to tread, not with any aura of bravado, but simply because she felt that if a newspaper or radio chain hired her to cover a war, it deserved war coverage, not a rewrite of a headquarters mimeographed hand-out." Or Pulitzer Prize-winner Marguerite Higgins, whose life was ended too early by a disease no doubt aggravated by the years of exposure she experienced tracking down the scoops for which she was known.

It is interesting to note that a star correspondent of World War I, the indefatigable Peggy Hull, as she was known then, lived out her years to serve on four fronts, and died only last year in Carmel, California. Irene Corbally Kuhn, one of the moving spirits of the OPC, wrote in the Bulletin: "Peggy had a sense of drama. She was a woman war correspondent and she dressed for the role...She went right along on the marches with the boys, never complained that her feet hurt, nor interrupted things to powder her nose."

Irene also related a prank that was played by Peggy on General Pershing, a practical joke that almost cost her her permission to go to France with the AEF in 1917. When the US Army cornered Pancho Villa, Peggy—then a writer for NEA—got wind of the fact that they were going to take newsreels at a certain spot. At precisely the right moment, as a triumphant General Pershing appeared on his charger for the whirring cameras, Peggy trotted her horse into position alongside him, and pictures appeared all over the world with the caption, "American girl correspondent leads trip out of Mexico with General Pershing." Pershing was unforgiving, and only important intercession got her accredited for the AEF tour.



**Maris Ross**

There is a roster of other names, of course. Dorothy Thompson, Anne O'Hare McCormick. In World War II, there were Rita Hume, Lee Carson, Ruth Montgomery, Hazel Hertzog, Ann Stringer, Inez Robb. Some women combined newspaper careers with journalistic marriages: Flora Lewis, wife of Sidney Gruson (still doing a syndicated column and contributing to *The Times Sunday Magazine*); Eleanor Packard, who, like her husband Reynolds Packard, was a UP war correspondent. Aline Mosby, who did feature stories for UPI in Moscow, Paris,

London and Brussels, won a Ford Foundation scholarship to study Sino-Soviet affairs, and now divides her time between New York and Paris bureaus on feature assignments. Beverly Deepe, who covered Saigon on her own and then joined the late, lamented *Herald Tribune*... a newspaper, by the way, that respected women both in the city room and at the foreign desk.

What of today? Who are the women braving the competition and the mortar fire and the discomforts and disillusionments of war front coverage? I am told that the AP has not one woman





**Lucy Jarvis**



**Jean McDonough**

overseas. (Mary Ann Kelly Smith, first woman sent by the AP into a war zone since World War II, retired recently and married Jay Tunney, son of the retired boxing champ.) The AP does report an increase in its news staff here in the U.S.—close to 60, as opposed to a dozen only a decade ago. That's out of a total of more than a thousand, despite the fact that girls outnumber boys in so many journalism schools.

UPI, on the other hand, has at least ten women on the foreign staff, not all American, but all 100% female. Cath-

erine (Kate) Webb is the girl in Vietnam, and by sitting on the steps of the Continental Hotel in Saigon found herself following Marines rushing to the aid of the U.S. Embassy. Her description: "It was like a butcher shop in Eden. Beautiful but ghastly." Kate is a New Zealander, but Joan Deppa, UPI's girl in Paris, was born in Grand Ledge, Michigan, and went to Michigan State. Maris Ross, who has done things like climbing a rope ladder in a rough Irish Sea to board a pirate radio ship, is a miniskirt fan, as befits a London correspondent. One of UPI's prettiest is Jean McDon-

ough, from Centerville, Mass., now in Madrid.

The news magazines, of course, have their share of foreign correspondents. *Time* has its Boston bureau chief, Ruth Mehrrens, who did such good work in Israel, and, of course, other women in their foreign bureaus, mostly from the countries in which the bureaus are located. *Newsweek's* women correspondents include Liz Peer in Paris, a New Jersey girl; and Ellen Sullivan, a correspondent in the Rome bureau who started as the magazine's Vatican stringer. In these days, when a jet-ride is like a taxi ride across town—and scarcely more expensive—it's easy to send home office people out on a story anywhere in the world. As for the *New York Times*, it has one woman correspondent on its foreign staff, Gloria Emerson, based in the Paris office. Her assignments now chiefly cover the skirmishes and flack of the couturier showings, and related feminine interests, although she, too, has had Vietnamese and Middle East reportage in her background.

And then, of course, there are the radio-TV ladies who get around. Most peripatetic and persuasive is NBC's Lucy Jarvis, who captured the Louvre and the Kremlin for her network. Her award-winning programs include "Khrushchev in Exile," "Bravo Picasso!" "The Louvre" and "The Kremlin," and her most recent epic, which involved a trip to South Africa, was "Dr. Barnard's Heart Transplant Operations." Once a food editor, she insists that her home-town brownies are part of her crash-through technique.

Old-fashioned enterprise, timeless sensitivity, new-fashioned maneuverability. One would think they would all add up to more women in foreign news jobs. But perhaps, after all, the problem is that there are too many other ways for women to see the world today. Or that women know war for what it is and would prefer to stay home and work to stop it than view its agonies and report it. In any case, to paraphrase Elaine Sheppard, the message is clear: "Have talent, will travel. Gender no deterrent." Thus it was in 1918; so it is 50 years later.



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One way to eliminate double taxation is called the "shareholder credit" plan. If this plan were adopted, you'd determine the tax corporations pay on the earnings from which the dividend is paid – and add that amount back to your dividend

income to reach a "grossed up" dividend figure. Then you'd figure your taxes in the usual way, but you would take a tax credit equal to the adjustment or "gross up." This proposal would offer significant tax savings to most shareholders.

Another, simpler method would be to raise the dividend exclusion from \$100 (\$200 for joint returns) to \$500 or even \$1,000. This would make dividend income tax-free for most small investors.

As you can see, the double taxation issue isn't an easy one to resolve. And the final solution may lie in a proposal that hasn't yet been considered.

Regardless of the solution we adopt, it's important for stockholders to let their views be known. And the time to do it is now.

Let your elected Senators and Representatives in Washington hear your views. It's the only way they can adopt reforms that reflect stockholders' interest in preserving their dividends.

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# Fond Recollections of Ye Olde Stars and Stripes

## Andrew A. Rooney

(1968)

It is not only probable, it is absolutely certain that no man alive is qualified to write a comprehensive history of *The Stars and Stripes*. If there is a historian knowledgeable enough about dates and events of all the editions, he would lack the fierce prejudice for one era over another necessary to make the story real.

Let it be known at the outset, then, that my affectionate remembrance and knowledge of the Army newspaper pertains to *The Stars and Stripes* of World War II, from its beginning in London to the end of the war in Europe. In my view, everything else was before or after. The only thing that gives me an edge over other staff members is that an uncle of my wife, who lived in Oneonta, died several years ago and left me a complete file of the weekly World War I editions.

According to Herb Mitgang, *The Stars and Stripes* was published for the first time by four union soldiers in Bloomfield, Missouri, in November 1861. The first World War I edition was published in Paris on February 8, 1918; and, according to an article in the first anniversary edition, the whole idea and the name of the paper was thought up by Capt. Guy T. Viskniskki. He may have, but it seems strange that two people, two wars that far apart, would by coincidence have come up with a name that bad.

The name is not bad any more, of course. The spirit of *The Stars and Stripes* as a newspaper took over and dominated those words with its own character, giving them a meaning of their own.

There were fewer stories in the World War I paper than today, and they were usually longer. It was weakest in its coverage of the war itself, but it was readable and pretty good in spite of all those names you read about who

**ANDREW A. ROONEY** is a writer-producer for CBS TV-News.

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**THE STARS AND STRIPES**

FRANCE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1918.

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**ARMY MEN BUILD AN OVER-SEAS PITTSBURGH**

Monmouth Warehouse and the World's Largest Cold Storage Plant Spring Up in Three Months.

### First issue of Stars and Stripes

edited or wrote it. Today it makes great browsing.

"American aviators," it turns out, "felled 755 Hun Fokkers and 71 Boche balloons."

Herbert C. Hoover, American Food Administrator, decreed that only one kind of meat could be served at a meal. *The Stars and Stripes* took the position that liver and bacon was only one.

They stopped shipping macaroni to "the doughboys" because the holes took up too much shipping space.

In March, 1919, there were still

4,800 American soldiers fighting the Russians.

On October 4, 1918, Lt. Eddie Rick-enbacker and several other pilots dropped 2,200 copies of *The Stars and Stripes*, in bundles of ten, to the infantry at Argonne.

The paper was issued every Sunday for 71 consecutive weeks and at its peak had a circulation exceeding half a million. The best thing the WW I *Stars and Stripes* did, which the WW II *Stars and Stripes* did not, was to cease publication at the end of the war. Yank



preserved the memory of its own reputation that way. *The Stars and Stripes* should have. There has always been a feeling among people who worked for the paper during the war that the postwar Army inherited a good thing from a stranger. The feeling has nothing to do with the quality of the present staff or its product. The paper looks good and reads well enough; it is just not the real thing and shouldn't have the same name.

What was the real thing? It's hard to know what gives a restaurant, a senior class or a corporation its character. Usually it is one or more strong people who influence its growth and direction of movement. Such was the case with *The Stars and Stripes* of World War II and accounts for its strong flavor and determined personality. (This piece is determined not to mention any names. Some have been mentioned too often, through no intent of their own, and some never).

The real thing began April 18, 1942, in London and ended, considering all the various editions, 5,000 issues later during the summer of 1945. The first

era was those 14 months up to the Invasion of June 6, 1944. It involved about twenty newspapermen and thirty circulation and business people. Most of them were sergeants, all of them were civilians in heart and mind and they lived, free of Army discipline, in a wartime but nonetheless swinging London. They produced a tabloid newspaper for soldiers with *New York Times* standards, plus cheesecake, in the bowels of the ancient and honorable precincts of *The Times* in Printing House Square.

The Army newsmen were all either experienced and capable or young enough to be shaped by those who were. The officer-in-charge, a lieutenant-colonel with National Guard experience, was, in retrospect, perfect. He was an inept, bumbling, infuriating and, paradoxically, often lovable, Captain Queeg. He provided the citizen-soldier newsmen with a symbol of what they thought was military idiocy against which they could pit their professional skill. Actually he was a tissue-paper villain. If he had held steel balls in his hand, he would certainly have eaten

them, thinking absently-mindedly, that they were grapes.

The day in, day out production of a good newspaper that looked as familiar to its readers as the icebox in their kitchen back home, was the important work; what is remembered best by those who were there is the endless series of dramatic, dangerous and comic adventures. It is incredible that no motion picture or television series has been made from the episodes involving the production of *The Stars and Stripes*.

In that first year the paper covered the build-up of troops in England; it covered the air war being fought by the RAF and the U.S. 8th and 9th Air Forces. It covered sports back home, the cute stories about kids writing to Queens and getting answers, and it covered, with remarkable detail, the war in Russia and the action in the Pacific. That was the important work.

What staff members recall more vividly is:

—The day the staid editor of *The Times*, eyes hooded beneath his green eye shade, picked the receiver off the

---

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stand-up telephone on his desk and broke the library silence in the city room of *The Thunderer*, with a request to the desk of *The Stars and Stripes* that he be provided the first copy off the presses every night. He had realized that the same people who were playing basketball with gluepots were beating him on some stories in his own cricket pitch.

—The time the sergeant editor looked at a long official order calling for his own court martial, marked it "Disapproved," initialed it and put it back through the Army channels from whence it came—where it was lost forever.

—The night Alf Storey, proprietor of The Lamb and The Lark, the best pub there ever was, got drunk after hours with four American soldier newsmen and awoke the next morning to discover, to his anguish, that he and they had drunk a fifty-year-old bottle of Napoleon brandy he had been saving to celebrate the end of the war.

A group of five men was dispatched, as starter yeast, to open a newspaper in North Africa. There were later handicapped by an eminently reasonable and intelligent colonel as their officer-in-charge but overcame the problem he created and developed it into a respectable enough stepchild with a lot of good writing and a drawer of some talent.

With D-Day, the party in England ended. A small staff was dispatched to the Continent which, as our friends at *The Times* said in a magnificent statement of the British attitude, "had been so long isolated." That staff was shelled out of their first plant at Carentan and retreated up the Cotentin Peninsula. They started printing in Cherbourg and having their ten-in-one rations prepared by two magnificent French cooks in Ste. Mere Eglise.

But who has time to read or write it and who can presume to tell the stories and catch the truth of *The Stars and Stripes*? Not me. The staff grew, circulation multiplied. Rennes, Paris, Liege, Pfungstadt, and meanwhile the crew from North Africa had moved into Rome, then up to France to publish in Grenoble, Besancon, Marseille, Strasbourg, Dijon, Nancy. The two forces joined again and accepted pooled "local" and American news from the headquarters in the *Paris Herald* plant on the rue de Berri.

There is an Avenue de Stars and Stripes in Strasbourg now, named in honor of the two staff members who stayed behind and published the paper in English, German and French after U.S. troops had pulled out when a German re-entry into the city seemed imminent. The story is often told as one of heroism, but not by those two. The fact is they liked the food, the drink and the women in Strasbourg and they printed *The Stars and Stripes* in three languages and sold it on the street themselves because they needed the money. Tales of staff heroes were seldom in the Sergeant York tradition.

The people with *The Stars and Stripes* flew with the bombers, jumped with the paratroopers, moved in with the invaders and up with the infantry. The difference was that, having been provided with a free ticket for the best seat in the house, they viewed a part of the war and headed back for some place of relative safety and comfort, wrote about it then went somewhere and lived a little. It was a wild ride we took through the greatest war in history and, having lived through it, you wonder what the hell your kids are going to have in their lives as big as *The Stars and Stripes* was in yours.

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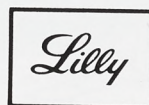
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# Best Press Club of All Time

Chester Morrison

(1959)

Of course, this was all long ago and far from here, but there are elderly gentlemen still seeing the world who remember that once there was a press club so nearly perfect that a stranger looking for the first time at its dark paneled walls and its high smudged ceiling felt immediately at home.

No press agent, except maybe a couple of strays from the OW1, ever walked across the dark linoleum to the bar. No woman ever got through the heavy oak door, although Clare Boothe Luce was once permitted to peek in from the wide hallway that led past the door to the palm-shaded garden outside.

There were no elections, no committees, no dues or assessments. If some craven wanted to eat, he could go to places where such depravities were encouraged. This was truly a press club, the like of which may never have been seen before or since.

And so the Saracens, because they hated what they could not understand, burned it down to a heap of timber and broken glass. There was a brief attempt at phoenixism later, but that was only half-ashed, for this perfect press club was the Long Bar at Shepherd's, in Cairo.

In this place (though it is gone) stands Frank Gervasi, enshrined in five imperishable anapaestic lines as moving as the finest of his own prose:

*A notorious jade in Benghazi  
Had lain with a Turk and a Nazi,  
A Wog and a Frog  
And a razorback hog,  
But she still drew the line at Gervasi.*

Anecdotes are bred in such places. The Friends of China Club may live forever because of the peerless Ridley who received an urgent message from the London Daily Telegraph: "How long expect Formosa crisis continue" and who replied, after prayer and meditation: "Ball's not crystal."

But what of Alan Moorhead? Moorhead, who exhibited (with shame for his employers) a message from the London Daily Express: "File thousand words soonest will Egypt fight." On that dark day the Long Bar Press Club Advisory and Consolation service functioned superbly.

"Tell them," said Joe, from his station behind the bar, "Tell them No, no, one thousand times no." And Moorhead lives on in memory though he later forsook a noble profession for the material rewards of book writing.

It was Joe Shialom who held the place together, kept the right tone, adjusted such differences as sometimes arose among the members of his flock. Joe, slender, deft, shifting lingual gears in mid-sentence when that was useful; Joe, the ministering angel who eased a thousand bursting heads with a desperate restorative he called The Suffering Bar Steward. Only Joe knows the proportions of that formidable mixture, but the ingredients were Cape brandy, Cyprus gin, lime juice and tabasco to taste. Ice was optional.

A great many professional transactions occurred in that perfect press club. Oh, nobody ever went so far as to write copy there; Joe was apt to frown on trivialities. But there will be those who remember the arrival of the vanguard of the OSS—two large men from Jersey City exuding the unmistakable *fragrance du gendarme*. They had come in

---

JOHN GROTH has been an artist-correspondent, journalist, illustrator and teacher of art.







the cause of Security (for journalists know many secrets and are notoriously flap-jawed).

Joe Shialom and George Lait caught the scent almost simultaneously, and it was Joe who moved the newcomers along the bar to where George was sharing military arcana with a low companion. In no time at all the skillful undercover men ingratiated themselves to the point of providing more pink-gins and getting George to draw for them a map of the Western Desert, complete with arrows and crosses to mark troop dispositions.

There must have been great satisfaction at the OSS that night, but in the morning when George's map was laid accusingly before Col. Philip Astley, PRO for the British Eighth Army, there was grim hilarity. It was the most cockeyed map of the Western Desert ever provided even by the Ordnance Department.

Not all the entertainment available in Joe Shialom's Press Club was provided by such fumbling birds of passage. There was a beautiful, sun-bronzed, wavy-haired blond subaltern who appeared occasionally at the piano in the Peacock Alley that habitués of Shepheard's called the Snake Pit. Brahms and Chopin came with him and chitchat at the dim-lit tables faltered while people listened and

watched the thoughts that came into their minds. Joe had the piano moved closer to the club and the music flowed in and lapped against Joe's bar. There was a long interval when the subaltern did not come, then one night he turned up again but he did not go to the piano, he came to the bar.

A youngster who is not here any more, except as one of the names on that memorial plaque in the OPC lobby, spoke to the pianist. He said he was glad to see the lieutenant back and was he going to...

Joe, deft and suave as always, set a new glass on the bar and said certainly, the Lieutenant was going to have another drink. And only then did the youngster notice the tight, brown kid glove in the place where the pianist's right hand had always been.

Birds of passage, all of them. The Japanese have a musical word for it: *wataridori*. Birds of passage through the perfect press club. Joe himself is one. He has shucked the trim white barkeep's jacket he used to wear for white-tie-and-tails as maitre d'hotel at an elegant restaurant in a dignified pub across the street from Central Park.

But he won't be there forever. Look for him in Berlin or Rome. Where you find Joe Shialom you will find, perhaps, a press club nearer to the heart's desire.

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# Why We Cover Wars

**Richard Tregaskis**

(1966)

**G**ood war correspondents, like other people of action, generally are loath to make themselves heroes, but most will admit that they take chances in war zones for the same reason the mountain climber gave when asked why he wanted to scale Everest: "Because it is there."

Correspondents are drawn to front areas because they are usually well known as danger zones, and wars, like mountains, are exciting. Dickey Chappelle and Maggie Higgins found them so, demonstrating that fascination with war has not been wholly a male prerogative.

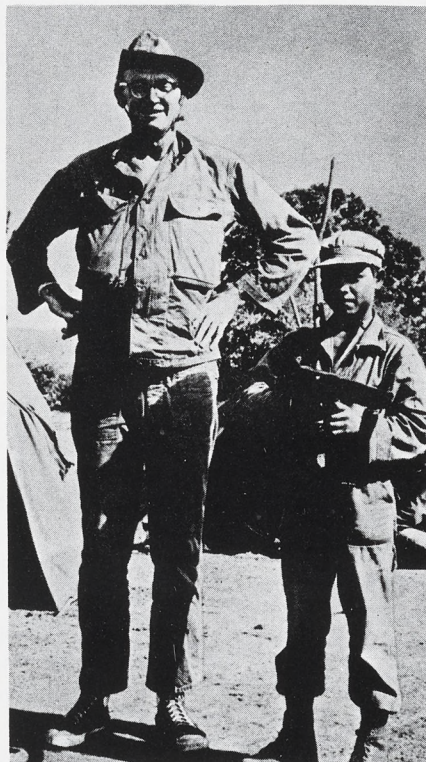
Despite the deaths and disabilities of war, there is another fact that draws people whatever their personal persuasion or sex: the instant elimination of personal ambition in favor of unselfish sacrifice to a great cause.

Never mind the fact that the cause is the destruction of an enemy and the expenditure of resources—including life and health—to destroy something the foe considers highly valuable.

Today in Vietnam men are taking the risks and paying the price in the

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**RICHARD TREGASKIS**, author and war correspondent, died in 1973.



**Six-foot-six Tregaskis and a Montagnard trooper at Vietnam army camp.**

faith that it is a worthwhile objective to destroy an enemy dedicated to something we hate. In the case of Vietnam, it is an enemy dedicated to dictatorship and thought control, a government by a

minority proportionately as large as the Vegetarian Party in the U.S.

A lot of men are suffering and dying in Vietnam because they believe sufficiently in "One Man, One Vote"—freedom of every nation to determine its own future by free choice of the population rather than to have its option forced by a small and militant Communist vanguard. We had the same battle in World War II—an all-out struggle for survival against another kind of dictatorship. The fascists were equally implacable foes of freedom of thought, speech and free elections. Opposing such foes is a worthwhile cause anywhere, anytime. Asians, too, incline toward it once they have tested the promises of absolutism. The trouble with the Communist solution is, first, that when you have accepted a thought control regime it is next to impossible to change it. And second, Communism always gets stuck in the stage of the so-called dictatorship of the proletariat, meaning not the proletariat at all but the Communist Party.

Our struggle against this kind of minority dictatorship has been a fascinating development of the post-World War II years, as the Communists



set in motion a cycle of Leninistic wars, a cycle wherein the Communists of East and West followed Mr. Lenin's prescriptions and sought to turn the nationalistic aspirations of small nations into Communist rather than democratic upheavals.

By contrast with the enemy *vanguard* and such of the *reserve* as can be persuaded to follow them down the one-way street of minority dictatorship, our fighting men in Greece, in Korea, in the Formosa Straits and in Vietnam have shown an amazing willingness to put their lives on the line for ideals.

The Vietnam situation is probably the single most important story in the world today, and it is a story that draws journalists from Bangor to Pago Pago, from Anchorage to San Juan. It fascinated AP photographers Huynh Thanh My and Bernard Kolenberg and writer-photographers Jerry Rose and Dickey Chapelle—all of whom died in Vietnam.

And aside from the idealistic involvement, war can be as exciting as anything in life. I remember discussing this once with Bob Capa, the great war photographer who was killed by a mine in 1952 during what the French call the First Indochina War.

It was in 1943, during World War II, when Capa and I were with the 82nd Airborne in a little Sicilian town called Licata. At that time, just before the Allied landing at Salerno and the invasion of Italy, the 82nd was expecting to be dropped into Rome, and Capa and I were going with them.

The top secret plan was that we would drop on Rome the day before the Salerno invasion. The Italians were to cooperate by lighting the way to Ciampino airport and keeping the German fighters on the ground. Fortunately, the mission was aborted at the last minute—fortunately, because it was discovered that five German divisions surrounded the airfield.

On the night before our takeoff Capa and I were sitting on the edge of the Licata airfield, spinning the time with talk.



Tibetan refugees pose with Tregaskis at Ladakh, on India's China frontier.

I mentioned that I had flown over from North Africa in a C-47 with one of the ranking officers of the division and that I had said to him that war is such a tragic waste and such bloody double destruction. The officer, a veteran, battle-toughened trooper, smiled and said frankly, "I like it."

Telling Capa about this, I ventured the thesis that there is a distinctive philosophy about a frontline area (in those old days, you remember, there was always a clearly delineated front). I vouchsafed the idea that when you were at the front you didn't expect to live long. Thus you tended to be free of the petty selfishness that governs us in times of absolute safety and assumed longevity.

"At the front," I pontificated, "if someone wants your shirt you'll give it to him. Men are unselfish and self-sacrificing as never elsewhere. While they're trying to kill people on the other side they'll die for people on their own."

I went on to a related theory about war—after all, this was a bull session, war-style. I said that one of the most dramatic stories anywhere was that of two intelligent human beings trying to kill each other. I mentioned Wilkie Collins's famous story, *The Most Dangerous Game*, which claimed big game hunting was boring, but to pit man against man—that was something.

Capa's usual temper was sardonic and cynical, and his upbringing in central Europe led him to poke fun at many of my ideas as "over-American."

We were good friends, but he violently opposed some of my theses as too idealistic and unrealistic; at such times he would address me as "Tregasgoose." This time he called me by that name but subscribed to my idea—which was quite a concession for him:

"I agree with you, Tregasgoose; fighting is exciting."

He went on to quote a saying familiar in any battle: "War is long periods of boredom punctuated by moments of intense anxiety." But, he added, the intense anxiety always makes life very dramatic.

This kind of excitement always appealed to Bob Capa, up to his end during the birth pangs of Vietnam from the wreckage of Indochina. I know that it also appealed immensely to others of our best battle correspondents—initially, to Ted Post of the *New York Times*, the first American correspondent to die covering World War II. For a long time after that a correspondent who was killed doing his duty in a frontline area was said to have taken "the Post road."

After Post there were many other war reporters of the same intense persuasion: in the Pacific, Jack Singer of INS, who flew in a lumbering old U.S. Navy torpedo plane on a low-level attack against a Japanese warship, wrote one of the best action stories of World War II and died a few days later when accounts were reversed and his ship, the *U.S.S. Wasp*, was hit by an enemy torpedo-bomber; Joe James Custer of UP, who lost an eye when the



U.S.S. *Astoria* was sunk in the first battle of Savo Island; Bill Chickering, the glamorous Time-Life correspondent killed in the Philippines landings; Bob Miller of UP, who lived through all the slings and outrageous .25s of Guadalcanal with me, then caught a packet of trouble with a bomb fragment near Verdun, an ancient campaign reactivated in World War II. Feisty as ever, Miller survives to this day to cover the war trouble spots, including Vietnam, for UPI.

Many other good correspondents paid the blood price for their dedication. Bill Stringer, of Reuters, was always at the front until that day in France when an enemy SP gun targeted Stringer's jeep, his driver and himself with point-blank fire. And there were Heiny Faust and Dave Lardner, both with famous names and the same dedication to seeing the war at close range.

Heiny Faust was better known by his pen name, Max Brand. He had given the world a series of raw action Westerns, but his own history had been short on adventurous experience. In 1943 Heiny got himself accredited as a correspondent and showed up at the Italian front in late November.

Someone had told him that to get to the action, all you had to do was go up toward the front and keep going. Heiny followed instructions too well, and within a few days he was killed by German fire.

One of us with more experience should have explained to Heiny that you can minimize your chances of getting hurt by never going across a field of fire in a straight line and by knowing approximately where the enemy will apply maximum power.

But I couldn't have told Heiny about it because at that moment I had been so smart that I had got myself pranged in the head by a Kraut mortar and was nearly dead in the 38th Evacuation Hospital in Caserta, unable to speak and partly paralyzed.

After expert Army surgeons had

armor-plated my head with tantalum, I worked my way back to northern Europe, still for INS, and met Dave Lardner. Dave was the son of the famous Ring. He had just been accredited to *The New Yorker* and was anxious to operate in the field in which his brother John had been war-corresponding for *Newsweek*.

One day in Aachen, just about a year after Heiny Faust was killed, I had gone up to the frontline with Dave, on his first visit to war action, and Russell Hill of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

I was going to stay in Aachen, that street-fighting jungle where all the roofs were blasted off and the brave and expert troops of the 1st Division were carefully battling their way.

Russell and Dave talked to me about the road back to Eupen, First Army headquarters across the border in Belgium. I advised against following the main highway. There were too many areas marked with engineers' tape, indicating the route hadn't been de-mined. It was better to follow the more tedious, intricate back-road pattern that the tank columns of the 3rd Armored had taken.

Hill and Lardner and the jeep driver went down the main highway—and hit a Teller mine. Only Hill survived.

The same principles of enlightened self-preservation apply in today's Leninistic kind of war: Find out where the hazards are, see them and thread them as carefully and painstakingly as you can. In Vietnam, if you're in a chopper-envelopment operation, watch the edges of the nearest treeline. In general, move fast, never in a straight line and never in the open if you can avoid it.

The main difference between World War II and the anti-Communist wars that followed is that, as a Frenchman told me during the Indochina campaign, "Everywhere is front." In Vietnam or Santo Domingo, in Malaysia or the undeclared war in Yemen, there really are no secure areas. You can trigger a plastic bomb in your closet or in some

favorite bar. Our military leaders are learning the hard way how to fight this kind of war. Our correspondents are usually younger; they learn fast because they start with a clean slate. When Huyhn Thanh My was killed in action last year, he had already learned the hard way. Once before he had been wounded in action. After mending in the hospital he had the guts to go back where today's best and most exciting war story was, in the middle of an attack on the V.C.

Dickey Chapelle knew the combinations of the big war, had learned some of the new ones and had retained the basic lessons.

But Dickey also knew that the most dramatic and exciting stories in war are found where the action and the danger are. That day chance was against her, and she was killed by an antipersonnel mine.

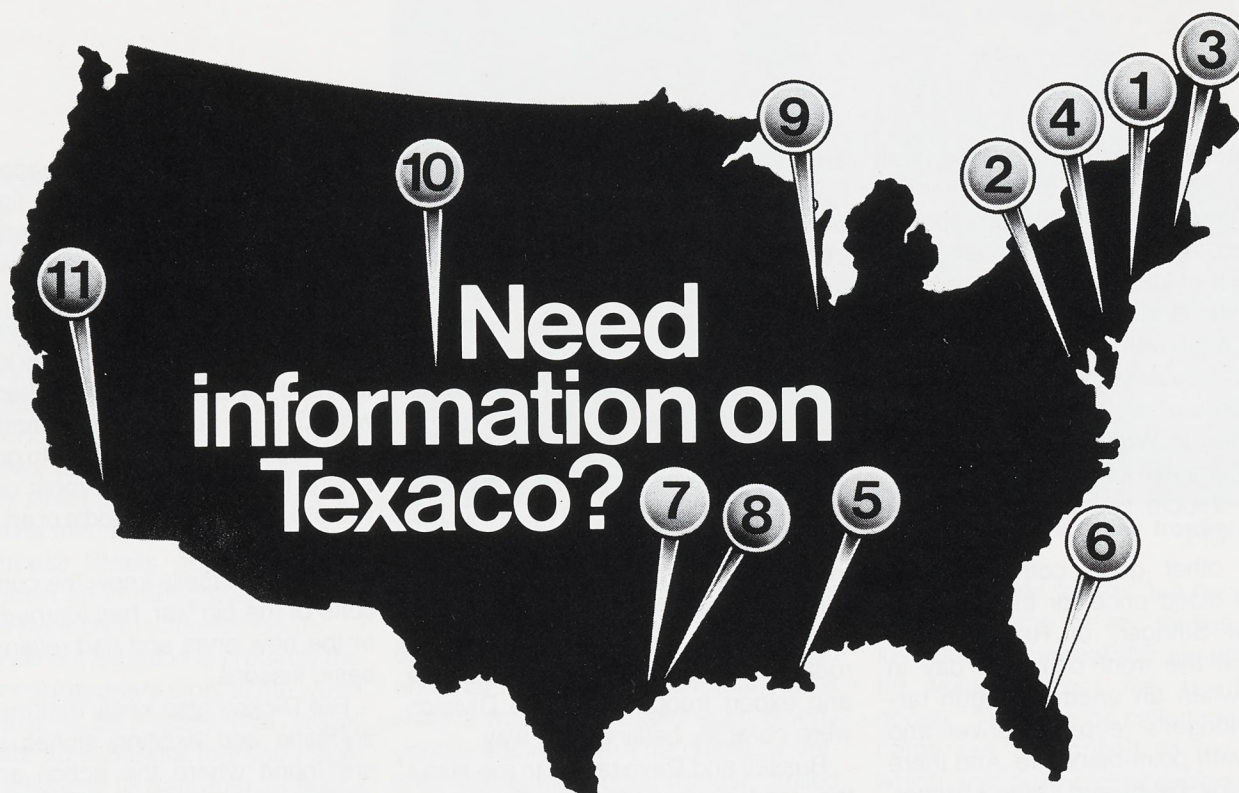
It was the same with Ernie Pyle back in 1945 on the island of Ie Shima when he lifted at the wrong moment and got a machinegun-bullet on the forehead—the most honorable death for a correspondent.

It was always a wonder to us that big Ernie Hemingway didn't encounter the same accident when he was charging around with the 4th Division in France in World War II. Fate saved him, ironically, for his own hunting rifle in 1963. Meanwhile he had written two good books and won the Nobel Prize.

A related wonder was that Homer Bigart didn't catch it when he climbed that frontline hill in Korea with two other correspondents and came back alone. We had wondered about Homer in the Greek war, too, when he took the same chances as George Polk, and Polk didn't make it back.

But all of them, those who were lucky and those who weren't took many calculated risks. The risk was, and still is, to cover the hottest story in the world, where the action is hottest and chances the shortest; but this great game, we know, is worth the candle.





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**T**he jeep whirled into our command post in Sicily that hot July day of 1943. I knew the man in the front seat. He was Omar Bradley, commanding general of II Corps. And I knew the man in the back seat, too. He was Ernie Pyle.

A little fellow, Pyle was bare-headed, with goggles hanging loosely around his neck and his shirt open at the collar. He wore GI pants and boots, but the roads were so thick with white chalk dust you couldn't tell where the pants ended and where the man began.

Before Sicily, we had all been in North Africa, in those Tunisian hills where it got so cold your feet and face froze. It was there that American foot soldiers had their first taste of German warfare, and there, too, that Ernie Pyle developed from a good Scripps-Howard reporter into a great war correspondent. He felt and conveyed the feelings, frailties, and fears of the troops better than anybody else did and won the affection of an entire nation.

I remeber, too, D-day plus-a-few on the Cherbourg peninsula. It was raining and everybody was soaked. I was trying to get a pup tent pitched when I suddenly felt something tugging at my sleeve. When I turned, there he stood. He was wearing a helmet that came down over his face, a GI raincoat eight sizes too big, and he was shivering and shaking like I was, but letting the rain run down his face and inside his shirt collar. The man from Dana, Ind., Washington, D.C., Albuquerque, Oran, Algeria, El Guettar, and Caserta was famous now. He was widely syndicated, he had a Pulitzer Prize, but he didn't look or behave any differently.

"Have you got a drink of brandy?" he asked.

"Sure, I'll get you one in just a moment," I said.

One of the liaison officers had given me a whole case of liberated Martell that morning. But as I started to walk away, there was another tugging at my sleeve: "I hate to be obnoxious." Pyle

# "Sorry to tell you, sir"

**Lindsey Nelson**

(1965)

apologized, "but if you've got that drink, I want it now. There ain't a damn thing sociable about this."

I came in pretty late and pretty wet a few nights later. It was raining again, and though I was drenched, I plopped right down on the ground inside the small wall tent and fell fast asleep. When I awoke the next morning, I was lying in a small pool of water, and I was wetter than I seemed the night before.

Pyle was on his cot, lying on top of three inflated preservers he had picked up on Omaha Beach. He opened his eyes, propped himself up on one elbow, pulled at a wool cap he wore night and day, and gave me a sheepish grin. "You know, I'm a helluva friend. Last night when you went to sleep, I thought you'd surely catch cold. So I spread my field jacket over you, only I didn't remember until now that I wore that jacket out in the rain yesterday, and it was wetter than you were."

Usually we talked late into the night. There were German planes overhead, and there were snipers around, and nobody was anxious or able to sleep much.

Ernie talked about his days as a beginning newsman, the little things that every man remembers so clearly when he's a little lonely and a little afraid. He remembered the expense accounts he had when there weren't auditors to check them, and it tickled him to tell about the time he got away with a \$20 item for ice cream cones.

One night, while Bob Capa and Charlie Wertenbaker sat in a nearby foxhole and played a hand of

gin rummy in between kibitzing with Bill Walton, we heard a whining sound over our tent. More eager to talk on than to investigate, we dismissed it lightly as a rotating band from one of our own shells and nothing to worry about. But the next morning we found we were lucky to be alive. Our harmless rotating band was part of a German 240-mm. shell.

Ernie went up to Cherbourg with Capa and Wertenbaker that day to enter the city with the advancing infantrymen of the 9th Division. He came back a little scared and awfully tired and nervous. As we sat in the tent that night, he told about an incident that puzzled him.

He had been with a platoon of GI's on the outskirts of the city crouching in a ditch close to a rather young boy, he said, when the boy all at once asked him, "Are you a correspondent?"

"Yeah," Pyle answered, keeping his head down.

And then, as though he weren't speaking to anyone at all but just receiving something by rote, the boy said, "Ernie Pyle is the GI's friend."

"I'm Ernie Pyle," he said, slightly embarrassed. But the boy looked right at him and never said another word. When he got the hand signal to move on up toward Cherbourg, he just moved out, holding his rifle at high port and running in a crouch, but he was grinning from ear to ear.

Pyle never fully understood the source of the magnetism he generated among soldiers, and the responsibility of it worried him. But it was what Gen. Bradley meant when he said, "Our soldiers always seemed to fight a little better when Ernie was around."

One morning Wertenbaker got a communique from his office in London to take a few days off and try to locate Pyle for an interview for a forthcoming *Time* cover story. The office didn't know that Wertenbaker happened at that very moment to be eating breakfast at Pyle's side. And like a good reporter right out of the movies Wert took out a piece of paper and pencil and said, "Tell me, Mr. Pyle, what do you eat for breakfast?"

Pyle pointed at the cold, canned cereal he was trying to choke down and said, "I eat this goddam mush just like you do."

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**LINDSEY NELSON**, free lance sportscaster, best known for his baseball and football coverage, now lives in San Francisco.



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magic word  
is...**

# **COMMUNICATION**

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**Reader's  
Digest**



After Paris, Ernie Pyle went home, back to the U.S. Emotionally he had "had it," he said. Then came the revealing letters.

"Nothing especially notable has happened to me since I saw you last," he wrote, "except that I've collected two honorary degrees, been kissed by Paulette Goddard, had my teeth filled, spent the first Christmas with my wife in five years, managed to keep well stocked with booze and cigarettes, and turned down at least 2,000 requests to speak, write pieces, or just appear on the stage with my face hanging out."

It was a different life from any that Ernie had ever known. In addition to the universal fatigue of the war and the personal distress of a wife with an incurable illness, he now bore the burden of fame.

"I haven't found America much different than it used to be," he wrote. "Little things that civilians do irk you, but I'm philosophical about that and don't get too mad. I've found it hard to talk to civilians, and in public places such as trains I sort of automatically drift over to soldiers and get along fine."

The overriding factor in Ernie's life for a long time was his wife and her illness.

"My wife, who has been ill most of the time for years," he wrote, "was both very much better and very much worse during my time at home. For five weeks, she was in the hospital, and even I wasn't allowed to see her. Then she improved miraculously and was able to come to California with me this last time and take a look around Hollywood. She is now back in Albuquerque in a hospital for the winter, not so much because of a relapse as because of convalescent care."

Ernie became such an influential figure with the military that the services competed to have him with them. The pressure was great for him to go to the Pacific, but he wanted no part of the war out there. If he had to have war, he preferred the kind he had known in Europe.

Nevertheless, it was a matter of conscience to go, and Pyle wrote from San Francisco: "I'm on the way to the Pacific. You know I came home from war damn good and sick of it, and I'm going back still just as sick of it. The old romanticism about getting itchy feet to get back to the front is a myth as far

as I am concerned. I'm hoping for a mild case of malaria or for some other likely excuse to come home."

The Pacific war was a grueling experience for Ernie. Now he was famous, and it wasn't easy for him to get to the soldiers and sailors in the manner that he had been able to reach them in North Africa and Europe. The military went to some lengths to protect him. But if he couldn't see the war, he couldn't feel it. And if he couldn't feel it, he couldn't write it. The columns didn't have the quality of the old Ernie Pyle. And he knew it.

From Guam he wrote: "I sure hated to come back into the war, and it was hell to get started writing again. I still haven't got into the swing of it yet. But I've seen no war at all in the seven weeks I've been out here. I had sworn I was never going on another landing, but it looks as though I have to if I'm going to find any war to write about."

Ernie's letters still had the sparkle and irreverence that were characteristic of all of his work.

"Your letter was here when I got back to the base from three weeks at sea with the task force. Also your booklet on the history of the division. I skimmed through it and saw you had quoted me only once, so I decided in *hauteur* not to read the damn thing."

And he kept up with those friends from the war in Europe.

"Think Bob Landry has left America to return to your front. Saw Pete Carroll's name in the news the other day, as talking back to Marlene Dietrich or something."

There were personal references to Bert Brandt, Don Whitehead, Chris Cunningham, and Lee Carson, notes about Fred Painton, John Lardner, and Clark Lee, three friends who were now in the Pacific. And there was a note for an old friend: "Tell Hal Boyle to kiss my ass."

As for his coverage of the war, it wasn't getting any better for Ernie. And he aroused, too, the ire of a great many fighting men in the Pacific with a few public references to the fact that they didn't know what the war in Europe had been like. As before, Ernie's writing mirrored what he felt. Since he was living a comparatively comfortable life, his attitude angered those who were fighting the tough Pacific island war he

hadn't yet seen.

Ernie couldn't find the war. As an internationally famous correspondent, he was still being partially protected from it.

"I went on a carrier that took part in the Tokyo raids," he wrote, "but nothing whatever happened to us—thank God. I make my permanent base at Guam. I go to sea two and three weeks at a time, then back here to write up for a couple of weeks, then out again. I'm doing the Navy this time and will be with them several months. They live wonderfully. People out here (except the Marines and a few others and the doughboys in the Philippines) have no conception whatever of what our war was like. I have to bite my tongue every now and then to keep from yelling."

He was still concerned for those in Europe.

"You must have had a bitch of a winter," he wrote. "I didn't even like to think of the boys over there. Surely it can't last very much longer over there: you'll probably beat me home. I suppose I'll be out here a year or more, if I don't get sick. But I do feel homesick for our old gang and the kind of war we know, bad as it was."

A Pyle-inspired movie was in production in Hollywood. His book *Brave Men* had had a fantastic sale.

Ernie Pyle was rich and renowned, lonely and frustrated, and displaced in the Pacific while his heart was still with the soldiers and his friends in Europe.

"Give Mistofer Capa, Wertenbaker, O'Reilly, and Belden my best," he wrote.

And the notation: "The new book has already sold nearly 900,000 copies and I'm a rich sonovabitch."

I still had that letter in my pocket when the sergeant came into the upstairs room of the German house where I was getting my things together for the move forward.

"I'm sorry to tell you, sir," he said, "but we just heard it on the radio—Ernie Pyle is dead."

He had been killed by a sniper's bullet as he lay in a ditch by the side of a road on the tiny island of Ie Shima. The date of his death was April 18, 1945. He was 44 years old. Three weeks later, the war in Europe ended. Seven months later, his wife died.



# How I Got to Bikini

**Robert Sherrod**  
(1964)



Sherrod in Saipan 1944



**T**HE story begins in Simla, India, where I was covering the liquidation of the British Empire in the spring of 1946. The British cabinet mission which Prime Minister Attlee had sent out from London had not come to contest the liquidation but to devise a method of awarding India its independence without splitting the country in two. This was what Gandhi and Nehru wanted, too. But the leader of the Moslems, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, insisted on the creation of Pakistan, and in the end he won.

The conference was about to break up in failure when I received a cable from the New York office approving my suggestion that I cover the atom bomb tests at Bikini on the way home. This obviously would be one of the stories of 1946, a vintage year for foreign copy. A lot of people thought these would be the last two atom bombs ever exploded; in addition to the press, the scientists and the military, many foreign observers were invited to the big demonstrations, including Professor Simon Alexandrov of the U.S.S.R.

My problem was to get from the foothills of the Himalayas to the lagoon of Bikini Atoll, 13,000 miles distant by the route I had to travel, including working stopovers in Manila, Shanghai and Guam. Nowadays, getting from one place to another seems absurdly simple; last year I made one trip around the world and three to the Middle East, interspersed by a side trip to New Zealand and another to Yugoslavia—all without a hitch.

In the vast reaches of the Pacific and the Far East, transportation in 1946 was a problem for the foreign correspondent. Without adequate wheels he is as useless as a bow without arrows. Military sources, which had become very efficient as the war wore on, had

deteriorated into occasional mismanaged flights, and the civilian lines had barely begun to operate. When the military did carry civilian passengers, flocks of uniformed Americans were usually waiting to be repatriated, and in order to get a seat, it was necessary to wangle a high priority. To discourage civilians, the military charged steep prices—such as the \$1,392.65 I paid the Army late in 1945 to ride from Washington to New Delhi, twice what the same flight costs in 1964.

The 200-mile trip from Simla to New Delhi only entailed a journey down the mountain in a truck and an overnight train ride, for which Thomas Cook's would rent a sleeping bag. Getting to Manila was more complicated.

The first leg of the journey, some 800 miles to Calcutta, had to be flown on an Indian civilian airline, but there wasn't any way to make the longer jump from Calcutta to Manila, about 2,200 miles, except by the U.S. Army's Air Transport Command. The ticket had to be bought in advance, so I took myself to the ATC office at the airdrome and handed the lieutenant 900 rupees (\$270). He didn't have time to make out my ticket, and I had a piece to write, so I said I'd send a messenger to pick up the ticket and thirty rupees change.

When Ali returned, he brought not a ticket but a message from the lieutenant, which I have retained to this day because nothing like it has ever happened to me, before or after: "Since seeing you this afternoon, I have determined definitely that I did not take the 900 rupees from you today at the Air Base.... I sincerely hope you have not misplaced the money to (sic) well." Apparently I had misplaced it damned well. I had no choice but to write out affidavits to the lieutenant's superiors in Calcutta and Washington (witnessed by another correspondent who had been with me when I paid the money), and to buy another Calcutta-Manila ticket. This time I waited while he wrote up the ticket.

My Indian National Airways ticket for the New Delhi-Calcutta flight said my plane was leaving next morning at 0550, so I showed up, bright and chipper, at five o'clock. "Oh, no," said the Indian behind the counter, "you had the wrong information. The plane left at 0450." Plainly, I wasn't even getting off the ground, and I had a long way to go. No more planes were listed that day for Calcutta, which meant that I stood to miss the ATC plane for Manila.

In such cases, the British can frequently be helpful, so I appealed to a friend on Field Marshall Auchinleck's staff, Brigadier Desmond Young (he later wrote a successful book, *Rommel, The Desert Fox*, and he deserved every bit of his success). Brigadier Young found that a wandering RAF York bomber was leaving at noon, and he got me a lift. So, late in the afternoon, I found myself in Calcutta.

Did I have the promised reservation on the ATC plane leaving for Manila next morning? I did not. Neither did I have the priority which had been assured. In the company of Don Huth of the Associated Press and Henry Keys of the London Daily Express, I began a frantic search for the priorities officer. He had a dinner date with a girl, but we couldn't locate him in any Calcutta restaurant. We even searched the various lovers' lanes American soldiers were known to favor. Finally, we found him, a very agreeable fellow.

"Well, your ticket specifies a No. Four civilian priority," he said. "You need a Two. It will mean bumping someone." "My conscience hurts," I said, "and I wouldn't ask except for the bomb. But c'est la post-guerre."

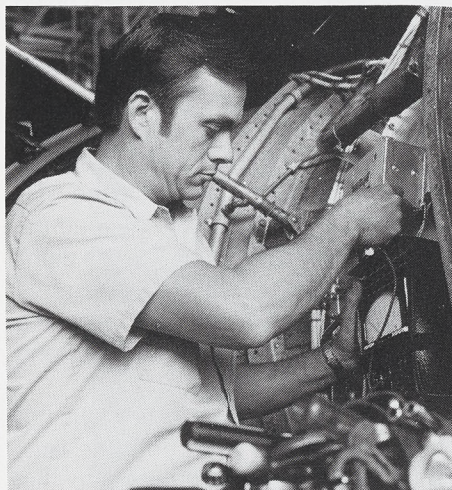
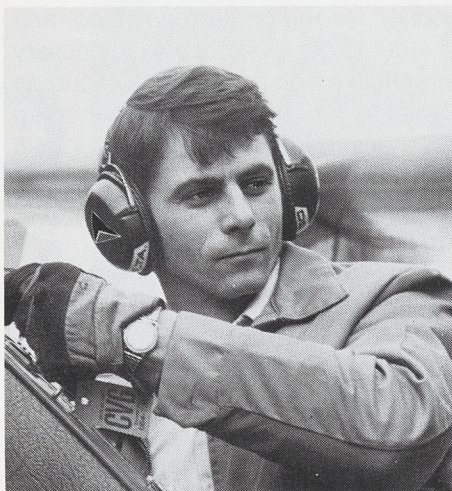
The C-54 was ten hours late in leaving. We seventy passengers, all that could be crammed into the plane, spent the last two hours sitting there, ready to take off. The midday sun in Calcutta in May frequently sends the thermometer to 110, and it beat on that aluminum plane until I felt certain that the rivets would melt. In those days, there were

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**ROBERT SHERROD** covered wars for *Time*, *Life* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, of which he was later editor, and now lives in Washington.



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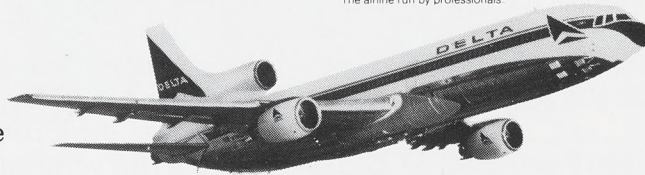
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no machines to cool waiting planes, so three passengers fainted and the rest of us were gasping when we finally took off. Eleven hours later, after a stopover in Bangkok, we reached Manila.

"What next?" I wondered as I tried to sleep in Manila's drenching humidity. I had a couple of days to spend in Manila on a story about Philippine independence, which was to be declared shortly. Then I had to fly north to Shanghai for a few days to try to find a place in that mad city for my family to live, before proceeding to Honolulu. If all went well I would make the ship at Honolulu which would take us to Bikini.

Planes for Shanghai left on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Everyone remembers how in those days one had to take many immunizing shots: yellow fever, smallpox, plague, typhus, typhoid, tetanus and cholera among others. I had suffered small, immunizing doses of all the Oriental diseases, so I confidently handed my vaccination record to the officer at the ATC booking office.

"You haven't had Chinese plague," he said.

"What's Chinese plague?" I asked.

"It's a new one. Strict orders. You've just got the old plague."

"Well, all right, where do I get the Chinese plague shot?" I asked. He directed me to the infirmary, but added, "It takes three shots, a week apart. You might as well settle down."

Even though I was accustomed by now to the unexpected, I was floored by this news. But only momentarily, for one can always find a way. Try as I might, I couldn't locate anyone to waive the Rule of the Chinese Plague.

Two bits of news made the world seem a little brighter. A cable from New Delhi told me the lieutenant had found my 900 rupees, "which got mixed up with some newspapers." And Bill Gray, our Shanghai correspondent, cabled that he had arranged with the Chinese for me to land there without a visa (my attempts at the Chinese consulates in New Delhi and Manila had been fruitless). But the problem of getting to Shanghai on a U.S. Army plane remained. So, one day I went out to the airport and got on the plane, anyway.

Nobody said, "Chinese plague," or anything else. Seven hours later I was in Shanghai.

After a few days in China, I picked up my military orders and boarded an eastbound Navy plane, stopped off three days in Guam to do a story, and started for Honolulu by way of Kwajalein, our biggest base in the Marshall Islands. A couple of hours out of Kwajalein one of the plane's four engines conked out, and we had to turn back. But by this time an engine failure seemed a minor mishap; after a five-hour delay I was on the way again; and arrived in Honolulu in plenty of time to join 117 other reporters who had sailed from San Francisco aboard the press ship *Appalachian*. As we proceeded westward to the Marshall Islands, it all seemed too good to be true. I was going to witness the atom bomb, after all, and I was having extraordinary luck in the after-dinner poker games. No trouble except the dysentery which almost everyone acquires in India, and the ship's doctor was stuffing me with pills guaranteed to cure old Delhi-belly.

After six days we reached Kwajalein, a couple of hundred miles south of Bikini, and that's where my luck turned again. Something like a bayonet jabbed my right side, so I stumbled to the dispensary near AAF headquarters.

"Hard knot in the lower right quadrant," said the doctor. "I think you've got appendicitis. Take off your clothes and get into bed, and I'll see whether we have to operate."

I was damned if I was going to miss the atom bomb after coming this far. I slipped out of the infirmary and found a jeep to take me to the other end of the island. There I found a Navy infirmary. The doctor said he didn't think I had appendicitis, even though the blood count of white corpuscles was high. I felt better as I went back on board the *Appalachian* and sailed for Bikini.

So I got to see the bomb go off, and it made quite a mushroom, although some correspondents were disappointed because it didn't sink all the 73 ships staked out as targets. (This was a

primitive, Nagasaki-type bomb.) Now I could leave coverage of the underwater explosion (which proved far more devastating) to Eddie Jones of our Washington office, who had joined us.

From Kwajalein I flew 600 miles down to Tarawa Atoll in the Gilberts, where a graves registration team was trying to find the bodies of the thousand U.S. Marines killed there in 1943. (It turned out that the airstrip had been built over their graves, and only one of four was ever found. It made quite a story.)

On the flight back our C-47 stopped at Majuro Atoll to refuel. It was there that I had the worst fright I have ever had in an aircraft. I have already hinted that some of our boys in uniform in this postwar period weren't the world's smartest fellows. The sailor who refueled our plane put water in the tanks instead of gasoline. As we rolled down the runway, the pilot said, "The engines don't sound right"—and it was no wonder. He cut the engines and stopped the plane just as we reached the end of the coral runway. Thirty seconds more and we'd have been airborne.

From Kwajalein I caught a ride in a deluxe "admiral's plane," which served steak for dinner, something unheard of in those days of box lunches and bucket seats. Two days and 7,300 miles later I was in New York, and that is the end of a correspondent's tale of travel in 1946.

All except a couple of footnotes:

Three years after Bikini I was driving down Constitution Avenue in Washington, D.C., when that bayonet stabbed me in the right side again. Within two hours the doctors had my appendix out. "You should have had this operation a long time ago," said the surgeon.

In 1951, I was introduced to a WAC major in Stuttgart. "Oh, I know who you are," she said "you bumped me off a plane in Calcutta."

"I'm terribly sorry," I said. "My conscience did hurt me."

"Oh, it was all right," she said. "I was in love and I didn't mind staying in Calcutta."





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US Marines in Korea

# Along the 38th Parallel

**Ansel Talbert**

(1966)

On Sunday, June 25, 1950, around 4 a.m., a Communist North Korean Army of 150,000 men equipped with Soviet-built tanks and automatic weapons suddenly crossed the 38th Parallel and began a ruthless invasion of South Korea.

The Communist attack was a stunning surprise, both in the southern part of the Land of the Morning Calm and in Washington.

Nonetheless, things began to happen fast. President Truman ordered American planes, warships and ground forces into action. Russia at the time had a mad on at the UN Security Council and was boycotting its meeting. This enabled the Security Council to resolve that the invasion was a breach of peace that should be opposed by the UN.

The day after the invasion, a considerable exodus from newspaper, wire service, magazine, radio and TV offices already was underway. It included *Newsweek* senior editor Hal Lavine, a close friend, and many a

famous name from World War II coverage—Hal Boyle of the Associated Press, Homer Bigart, then with the New York *Herald Tribune*, the late Ralph Teatsorth of United Press, Phil Potter of the Baltimore *Sun*, Bob Considine of the Hearst newspapers, Carl Mydans of *Life*, Ed Murrow of CBS, Frank Holeman of the New York *Daily News* and more. From London came Randolph Churchill of *The Daily Telegraph*, and Frank Owen of *The Daily Mail*.

Within two days, four American reporters stationed in Tokyo arrived by air in Seoul, landing between North Korean air attacks. They were the late Marguerite Higgins of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Frank Gibney of *Time*, Keyes Beech of the Chicago *Daily News* and Burton Crane of the New York *Times*.

My own departure came a week later. I was scheduled to be married in three weeks and my future wife's family already had come from Arizona for the ceremony. It impressed my managing editor not at all.

"Ed," he said, "my hunch is it certainly will be over out there in a month at the outside. You were an Air Force combat

intelligence officer in World War II and we really need somebody on the spot to write about military and aviation happenings. Don't let us down. Go on out for, say, a month and then come on home and get married...Homer Bigart, Maggie Higgins and you will make a great team. I'm sure your fiancée will understand..."

My fiancée had great difficulty understanding, but the next day I was on my way to Tokyo.

The importance of Tokyo in coverage of the Korean War was enormous. In Korea, the major problems were communications and infiltrators.

Time after time you found yourself with a Page One eyewitness story and no way to get it back to the U.S. Some of the best war stories never got filed or had grown stale by the time of arrival.

A story filed at Radio Tokyo, if sent "Urgent Rate," would be in Los Angeles or New York within an hour, sometimes within minutes. But a story given to the U.S. Army in Korea might take 24 hours or even a week by Army teletype. It might never show up or it might show up without a lead and several adds.

If you had a good story, you almost always tried to thumb a flight back to

**ANSEL TALBERT** worked on the New York *Herald-Tribune* and has written about aviation for many periodicals.



Tokyo and filed from there.

Later, Press Wireless opened an office in Seoul, permitting direct wireless communications with the states.

Up front the problem of communications was second in importance only to the problem of survival. There was the constant danger that you might be cut off by infiltrators. The North Koreans, much in the manner of the Viet Cong today, would masquerade as peasants or refugees, and the UN forces would suddenly find themselves being attacked from the rear. You knew the enemy was brutal, and if you were caught you were not to be treated hospitably.

Almost immediately there developed a competition of heroic proportions between my associates, Homer Bigart and Marjorie Higgins.

Both Homer and Maggie were exceptionally talented, courageous and

resourceful, and both were motivated by a burning compulsion to go where the biggest news was, regardless of danger, to get a story.

Basically, Homer, as the *Herald Tribune's* outstanding war correspondent, resented—with some justification—having his own paper confront him with a free-wheeling competitor in the field during the toughest and most dangerous assignment of his career. Marguerite, on the other hand, felt—also with some justification—that she was on the ground first. Most of all she resented deeply having her womanhood held against her as a news gatherer. She wanted to show the Army brass, the *Herald Tribune* and everybody else that a woman could be as good a war correspondent as anybody else.

Ordered out of Korea by the military after she had filed a series of excellent

early invasion dispatches, she played her cards so expertly that General MacArthur felt moved personally to invite her back—to show that the UN command was not against womanhood.

A firm and competent hand in the home office could have solved the situation in 30 seconds—because there was enough news to go around—but by this time the “feud” was being reported and written about. It dawned on somebody back home that it was selling newspapers.

In Korea the situation provided an outlet for some humor—at the principals' expense. One correspondent bribed a group of Korean urchins to learn an English phrase and chant it outside Homer's billet at a time when he needed sleep. The chant: “Homer loves Maggie! Homer loves Maggie! Homer loves Maggie!”

The story had a happy ending.

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Neither got killed or maimed, a miracle in view of the risks they took. Both won Pulitzer Prizes. Both ended up respecting each other. "She certainly made me work like hell," Homer said.

Right after Inchon, when everybody thought the war was won, most of the original group of correspondents headed home. They were near complete exhaustion. By the time the Chinese Communists crossed the Yalu on Nov. 26, 1950, and drove a human wedge into the UN forces, I was one of the few of the "old guard" still around. I was preparing to return home for my postponed wedding when *Herald Tribune* foreign editor Frank Kelley asked me to take one more look and write it.

The new development confused some correspondents, and they wrote stories announcing positively that the UN forces would withdraw from Korea.

I knew we would fight until driven out. After verifying my information beyond any possible doubt, I decided to go into the mountains at the farthest outpost facing the Communists to report what was going on. Atop a high peak, I joined two volunteer American military personnel, sending back by radio information on frontline targets for the Air Force.

It was a good personal experience story and I was anxious to file. But on my return to Seoul I was surprised to find that 8th Army headquarters had moved out. I thumbed a ride south and finally found headquarters, completely blacked out and in some understandable confusion.

I got the story passed by the censors, arranged to send it back to Tokyo and began to think about food. I hadn't eaten for more than 24 hours. The night was moonless and black, but a ser-

geant pointed me in the direction of the mess tent. "Just start walking thataway, sir, and before long something will hit you right in the face." Before long something did hit me in the face. It was the bottom of a wide, eight-foot-deep shelter trench.

I was out cold for an undetermined period. When I came to and dragged myself out, I felt an excruciating pain in my left leg. It wasn't until a month later that I learned I had broken my leg in four places.

The injury depressed me greatly until I thought of friends who wouldn't be going home at all and of Hal Faber of the *New York Times*, who lost a leg. The war in Korea was unique in many respects, and one of these was the death rate among correspondents—higher than in any other war in history. "I'm lucky as hell," I thought, "and I'm finally going home."

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# Presidents and the Press

**Harry S. Truman**  
(1958)

**F**ree government cannot exist without freedom of speech and freedom of the press. But let us always remember that these freedoms carry with them great responsibilities. Decency and consideration of the rights of others for example, are, of course, fundamental. On the other hand, let us never encourage those who seek to abridge freedom of speech and freedom of the press on

the pretense that some have abused them.

The idea of a free press originated in the first ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States. These ten amendments were passed in 1790 the year after the original constitution had been adopted, and they were due to the efforts of some of the people who sincerely believed that people ought to be allowed to say what they pleased, when they pleased—just as long as it did not fundamentally injure anybody. Now the same thing ought to be true of those who are in the business of distributing information.

I have made some study of the Presi-

dency of the United States—the greatest office in the history of the world. And it has always interested me that the relations between each President and the press have never been what you might term good.

Let's start off with George Washington. According to the press at the time of his holding office, Washington was probably the greatest scoundrel in the United States. (If you don't believe me, go down to the Library of Congress and turn over the pages of some of the great papers of those days.) This has been true of nearly every President who has held office.

You know, I think it has been a good thing—even up to this day—that people in public office have difficulties with the press. If you read back through history you will find that no President who hasn't been roundly abused and accused of everything under the sun has ever in the long run been considered a good president. The truth seems to be that if you fellows don't needle a President enough to get him mad enough to do something—then you don't have an executive capable of action.

The most abused men are the ones we think most of today. And I can name some of them for you—in particular, Abraham Lincoln. He abolished slavery and he did everything that had to be done to save the Union. Then along in November, 1863, after the battle of Gettysburg, he made his celebrated address. Now ask anybody who delivered the principal address that day and nearly everybody will tell you it was Abe Lincoln. That's not true. A fellow by the name of Edward Everett from Massachusetts made the principal speech that day—and it took him two hours to do it. But let's take how it was reported. The Chicago Tribune, for example, printed a whole front page with Edward Everett's speech on it and in a corner down at the bottom it recorded that the President had also spoken. It said that the President of the United States, as usual, had made an ass of himself.

But in the long run, the truth and magnificence of Lincoln's address

**HARRY S. TRUMAN** succeeded Franklin D. Roosevelt as President of the United States in 1945 and served until he was succeeded by Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1953. He died in 1972.



came out.

General Grant didn't have any opposition while he was President. The newspapers all seem to have supported him until along about 1876 when for some reason or other they got mad at him. I wonder if you fellows know that the papers that year tried their best to get General Grant impeached. They didn't succeed, but he wasn't elected the next time. If you remember, they elected Hayes.

Grover Cleveland had a thundering time with the press. He used to hide from them. On his honeymoon he went up to Pennsylvania—I think it was somewhere on the Delaware river—and tried to conceal himself from the Fourth Estate. But it was no use. When the reporters finally found him, President Cleveland tried his level best to whip them, but he couldn't catch them. He was too fat.

Theodore Roosevelt had a great time with the press, too. He was the first man, I think, who had what you might call a press conference. He used to give special items to certain reporters, and then, on occasion, he would sometimes

call in two or three and hold what we now would call a press conference.

But the first real press conferences were held by Woodrow Wilson who knew more about the government of the U.S. than any President we have ever had. He wrote the history of the government and set out what the executive ought to do. When he became President he tried his best to follow through, but he had much trouble toward the end of his second term because he had so much opposition from the press and the misrepresentations of the so-called wilful men in the Senate.

If you understand this relationship between the various Presidents and the press, you'll realize that one of the reasons for a free press is to prevent men who have power from overdoing the job—and even unknowingly taking away the freedoms from the common, everyday man, who has no protection and no pull at the source of government.

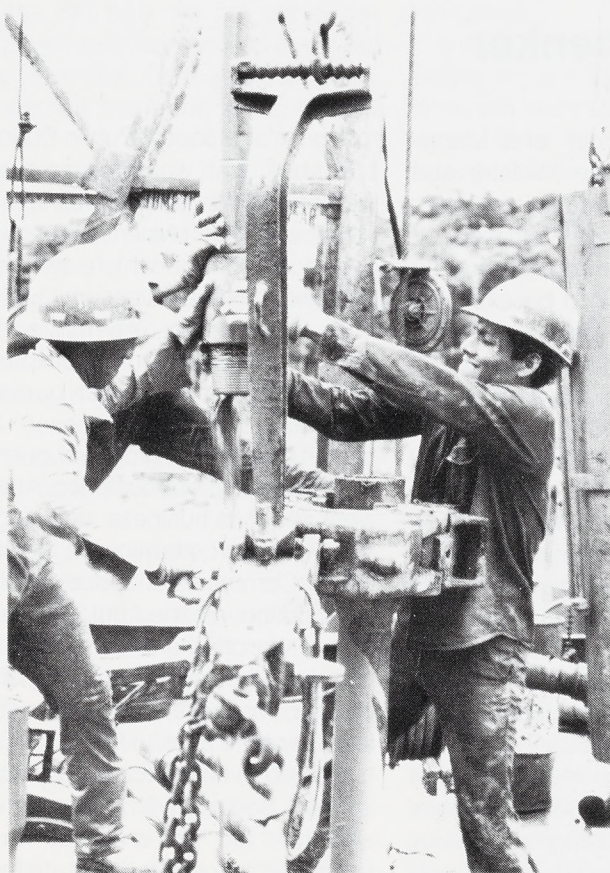
Like other Presidents, I often felt angry with the press—and I still do get put out with you sometimes. But it

doesn't do me a bit of good because I can't get even with you.

I could go on for hours telling you stories about the relationships between the press and our Presidents—it would take us several sessions for, to my mind, it is one of the most neglected and overlooked subjects in our history. I know it has always fascinated me, particularly so because I am very much interested in the battle that you gentlemen of the press make to preserve your freedom and the right to say anything that is not slanderous or libelous.

One thing is clear; when you attack the heads of governments you maybe make them toe the line, but you really aren't doing them any harm. The truth is that you are making them historically important. You gave me hell from start to finish, but I went right ahead and did what I thought was right.

I didn't care what you said about me as long as you couldn't prove that I was wilfully doing what was wrong. You couldn't prove your statements. Only history can decide by the results of actions whether they were right or wrong.



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Time's cover story on Lenin started the fuss.

Drawing by Ray Bailey

# Three Days That Shook the Shenkers

Israel Shenker

(1965)

**W**hen I returned from the Soviet Foreign Ministry and told my family we were being expelled from the country, the children cheered. Then they burst into tears.

For 14 months we had been living in Moscow, where I was stationed as *Time*'s bureau chief and trying, despite restrictions and obstacles familiar to scores of correspondents, to report on the Russian scene.

In February, 1964, I contributed to a *Time* cover story on the Soviet economy. Within a fortnight of the article's publication Leonid Zamyatin, head of the Foreign Ministry's Press Dept. (who once described himself to me as "a

combination of Salinger and Manning"), called me to the Ministry and ticked *Time* off for poisoning the atmosphere and furthering the cold war. If *Time* persisted, he warned, the bureau would be closed, and I'd be expelled.

My family (wife, daughter, son) and I lived at the Sovietskaya Hotel, hoping the government would assign us an apartment. Not that the Sovietskaya was bad, or an apartment necessarily good, but my wife wanted to exchange our hot plate for a kitchen. Since foreigners are not permitted to live where they please, or to seek their own lodgings, we kept inviting people to dinner—hoping they would tell Comrade Zamyatin how much a kitchen would do for everyone's stomach.

My wife and children were appropriately alarmed at the notion that we might have to leave before we were properly installed. Daughter Susan, then 13, was enjoying life as the only

foreigner at Moscow Public School No. 155. Mark, who was 10, was aghast at the notion that he might have to leave Moscow's Anglo-American School and go to a school which believed in homework. Nonetheless, my wife and I were prepared for any move, having stored in the hall of our hotel apartment the packing cases in which our belongings had arrived from Paris.

With a sickle hanging over our heads, we went about our business. And *Time* went about its business, deciding to do a cover story on Lenin and the state of world Communism. Once again, my contribution—to the April, 1964, story—was researched and duly dispatched.

Before the issue arrived, I left for a weekend in England, and then drove in leisurely style back to Moscow. Though I returned in time to celebrate May Day in Red Square with the rest of the country, the government had unaccountably forgotten to invite me. And

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**ISRAEL SHENKER** served as a *Time* correspondent or bureau chief in Rome, Moscow, Paris and The Hague.

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then an Army security man at the airport refused to accept any pictures for shipment abroad that were being sent by the *Time* correspondent. There is a security check on all photo shipments, but never before had *everything* been turned down. Silly misunderstanding, I was sure, just like the Foreign Ministry's strange failure to accredit a *Time* colleague who was going to replace me during the summer vacation period.

On May 4 the ministry called at 5:30 p.m. to ask if I could be there by 6. I was sure they wanted to apologize for the misunderstanding. Tempted to say no, and spare them the trouble, I said yes and got there early.

As I sat waiting in the vast lobby downstairs, a man brought in several packing cases of costumes and top hats which he dumped near me. I was about to ask him where he'd found the cardboard boxes (I was too shy to ask what the ministry was going to do with the fancy dress) when Comrade Zamyatin's secretary arrived to escort me upstairs. (One is always politely escorted in the Foreign Ministry.)

On the 8th floor we got out of the crowded elevator and walked down the hall to confront Comrade Zamyatin, who seemed somehow distant, even cold.

It was my own fault. *Time*, the press chief explained, had persisted in distorting the truth and slandering the Soviet people. I sought to reply, but Russian facts are Russian facts, and Comrade Zamyatin continued reading the indictment to me. Then he handed me a copy I could keep. Noting that the Soviet government was closing the Moscow bureau of *Time*, he added that I should leave the country "within a few days."

I tried again to reply, but Comrade Zamyatin made short work of my explanations. Courteously escorted downstairs, I left the Foreign Ministry for the Sovietskaya. After breaking the news to my family, and putting in a call to our chief of correspondents in New York, I called the Western news agencies and a number of Western correspondents. It was a final act of ingratitude, I realized later, to try to beat Tass

with the news. But I was, as the Soviet papers would say, "a mangy cur" to the end, and the Western agencies were ahead of Tass.

Next I got on the phone to friends in Moscow and my wife's relatives in Britain. They had heard the news on the BBC, and several watching TV had even seen my photograph. My mother-in-law was particularly worried. She questioned me closely, and I tried to conceal my euphoria—but my wife had just arrived from Britain with delicious smoked salmon and cream cheese, and I was chomping ecstatically while I talked. A Soviet photographer for a Western news agency arrived to take more photographs of me, and he was delighted to find me eating cheese and with a suitcase already packed (my wife's, not unpacked yet). He photographed me standing next to it, just as though I were all ready to go.

I wasn't. I had been through the expulsion routine with the Reuters bureau chief who had been declared *persona non grata* (I hadn't rated that distinction: only *Time* was declared *magazina non grata*). There were formalities.

When we retired that night, I lay awake for a couple of hours insisting to myself that I should rest because we faced a lot of packing. Then I fell asleep—to be awakened almost immediately with a telegram from our New York office saying that I had performed nobly in the service of free journalism. My wife and I rose like automatons to begin packing, though it was only 3 a.m.

The cardboard boxes were in good shape. But the sole Soviet agency allowed to deal with foreigners' chattel told us it couldn't provide a lift van for several days. This would have pleased the Foreign Ministry; so we scavenged a lift van from the Danish embassy.

Since my wife's British passport was stamped full, I presented it at the British embassy and asked for a new one. Soviet officials were meanwhile calling to ask when I was going to hand in our family's passports so that exit visas could be issued. Without exit visas we would, though expelled, not be permitted to leave—and that would have complicated many people's lives.

Finally, the British embassy came through, and we rushed our passports to the visa office.

Next, the Foreign Ministry called to say that naturally I wouldn't be allowed to leave until I paid Soviet income tax for the first four months of 1964. That introduced the paradoxical possibility that the ministry which had ordered me out would require me to stay. I solved the problem by leaving a guarantee deposit behind.

We were generously feted by colleagues—journalists and even diplomats. U.S. Ambassador Foy Kohler came to one farewell party and reported on his bracing a Foreign Ministry official with a protest at our expulsion.

Several American correspondents were kind enough to give us a lovely print of Lenin, and it has been with us ever since. One American reporter laboriously produced a mock copy of *Time* with glorious scenes inside from Lenin's life, and on the cover a wonderful painting of Lenin instead of the Ben Shahn portrait which the real *Time* had featured. "If *Time* had only produced this magazine," he said, presenting it to me, "you wouldn't have been expelled."

A correspondent of Germany's *Der Spiegel* called from Munich and asked me to describe my expulsion: "Were you sitting or standing when Zamyatin read the expulsion order?"

"Sitting," I said.

"Ah," he noted, "when I was expelled three years ago, I had to stand up. So things *have* improved."

Less than three days after the expulsion order, our cardboard boxes had all been stuffed into the Danish lift van, and we were ready to go. A number of friends came to the airport to share the final bottle of champagne.

When I had told the ladies who run the Sovietskaya that we were leaving, after 14 months, they congratulated me on having been given an apartment. I said that we weren't moving to an apartment. We were being expelled. None asked why. None of my daughter's Russian teachers asked why, either. They might have found it hard to understand children cheering at the prospect of leaving—and then crying.



# How to Keep Out of Touch With the Folks Back Home

Allen Dodd

(1962)

**T**he least anxiety-prone man I ever met was a correspondent I'll call Lester Frabble. He was a phenomenal phrase-bender, but for all the luck his home office had in keeping in touch with him, he might as well have been illiterate.

Frabble's system for dealing with his morning mail was simple and practical. He would flip through the envelopes, separate anything that looked like a memorandum and toss it into the wastebasket. "That takes care of the post-mortems," he would remark, and then depart on his daily dredging of news contacts. Frabble liked to live in the future.

After he had left, his assistant would mine the wastebasket for expense checks and any information that might have a drastic bearing on Frabble's career. If he had been fired—and this seemed a good bet—it might have been weeks before he found it out.

Frabble's streamlined administrative procedures naturally provoked periodic outbursts of overheads, beginning with, "APPRECIATE REPLY MY QUERY..." and working up through "HOW PLEASE..." to "URGENT YOU ANSWER IMMEDIATELY"

When the temperature reached this point, Frabble would sigh, roll a blank into his typewriter and punch out:

GLOTZ

STRIVING

FRABBLE,

In extreme cases he would send "STRIVINGEST." "There," he would say with satisfaction, "That'll hold him for another week."

Frabble represented an ultimate illustration of the old truth that distance lends detachment. There can't be many correspondents who haven't, under the pressure of breaking news, encouraged the natural tendency of communications from the home office to get garbled, misrouted or simply mislaid.

The advantage enjoyed by the roving correspondent in his to-and-fro with the folks back home is that it's easier to mislay a query someplace between Nicosia and Damascus than in the well-secretaried cubicles of New York. And Frabble never made the mistake, as one correspondent did, of leaving himself open for a comeback. This well-traveled gentleman was recalled to the United States and incautiously asked if he should sail or fly. Back came a one word answer. It said: "SWIM."

The natural hazards to communication need little encouragement. They

include censors, sunspots, native delivery boys on bicycles, trawlers with cable-clipping drags and mental lapses on the part of the sender or receiver. The first three roadblocks merely interfere with transmission: sunspots, trawlers and delivery boys are elemental forces of nature, and nothing much can be done about them.

The mental lapses sometimes lead to the type of communications that make a correspondent wonder if he is coming unstuck or going native or both. These include cables referring to fads that have popped up or attitudes that have oozed in since he left the land of over-extended credit and waistlines.

Sitting somewhere in the dehydrated landscape of northern Africa, he picks through his mail and wonders what a hula hoop or the Diner's Club is and how you would render "teenage emotional disturbances" into Arabic.

There are, of course, communications that are only too easy to understand. Armies may march and governments may topple, but the perennials drift down as relentlessly as the fine sand of the Sahara:

- "...hate to bother you at a time like this, but the accounting department is questioning that entertainment item in last month's expense account..."

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**ALLEN DODD** was once *INS* London news editor and later an editor of *52 Printers' Ink*.





## Every few minutes, hundreds of people fly into Kennedy with us.

On the average, some 400 planes land every day at New York's John F. Kennedy International Airport.

During the busiest hours, they come in every two minutes.

How do the JFK air traffic controllers keep the landings as regular as clockwork?

With ground-to-air radio equipment, developed and built by the people of ITT.

We're the world's largest

supplier of these specialized communication systems—with 50,000 in use at U.S. airports.

These two-way systems are used by every major U.S. airport. Not only New York's Kennedy, but New York's LaGuardia.

And Chicago's O'Hare, Atlanta's International, Los Angeles' International, Dallas-Fort Worth's International, to name only the

busiest.

We've delivered these systems to some 350 airports in 38 other countries, too.

Matter of fact, if you've flown anywhere in the world, your flight was very likely helped home by ITT communication and navigation equipment.

And somewhere, somebody else is being brought home with it at this very moment.

**The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT**



- "...very good friend of mine and, incidentally, an important business contact, is taking a European tour with his wife and three daughters and will be in your city on..."
- "...one of our top ad salesmen, who came up with an idea that would make a cute little feature..."
- "...assume you're all set to file quickly on general Asian reaction to the upcoming South Dakota elections..."

The message that begins with "ASSUME," incidentally, is one of the few communications that almost always means the exact opposite of what it says. When the home office cables "ASSUME YOU ALL SET..." what the home office means, of course, is that it assumes you aren't all set, or it wouldn't have sent the cable.

There are also the lapses that arise from sheer pressure and can earn a correspondent a sort of left-handed glory, at least among his admiring colleagues. One such hero was the man who attended one of those vastly overcovered weddings and was instructed to file a fast flash the moment the happy couple was united. The moment arrived and the correspondent fired off his quick cable:

URGENT MARRIAGE CONSUMATED.

A subsequent sarcastic request from the home office for pictures was spiked with no ceremony.

Or the visibility can be limited at the other end of the line. I once was shown a file of four and a half cables (the half cable was torn in two and never sent) by a man who tried to relieve the marbled tedium of a diplomatic conference by tacking this bit onto the end of the daily communique:

ITEM HEADCOUNTING DELEGATES REVEALS HOMBURG UNLONGER ESSENTIAL, SETTLEMENT WORLD PROBLEMS STOP OF DELEGATIONERS ATTENDING ONLY TEN ARRIVED MORNING SESSION HOMBURGED SIX FURHATTED REMAINDER HATLESS OR ORDINARY FELTS END.

It was, admittedly, deadlock copy—the kind correspondents send from such conferences just before they start writing stories about each other. Our man was a bit startled, therefore, to get a prompt query:

NEED URGENTLY SIGNIFICANCE HEADCOUNT

ESPECIALLY RELATION BORDER DISPUTE.

Stifling an elemental urge to compose and send what was requested, he cabled back:

HEADCOUNT SIDEBAR NO SIGNIFICANCE.

The next query was equally prompt and sounded anxious:

CLARIFY SIGNIFICANCE INFORMATIVELY OPPOSITION UNHAS.

This time, for a few brief seconds, the elemental urge won out. The correspondent wrote:

HEADCOUNT EXCLUSIVE ROLL WITH EVERYTHING WEVE GOT. On second, sober thought, he tore this up and cabled instead: HEADCOUNT STORY AYE JOKE REPEAT JOKE. He pondered the contemporary level of cable rates for a moment and then added: HA HA.

These sober second thoughts ruin a lot of good anecdotes. If correspondents actually sent all the cables they write, there'd be more and better yarns to swap over the OPC bar. Some of the stiffest ones have been provoked by people in the home office who fission into a bright idea at 5 p.m. and fire it off at once by cable, forgetting for the moment that it is 10 p.m. in London, 1 a.m. in Moscow and breakfast time in Tokyo.

Communications can be crippled by the calendar as well as the clock. Every correspondent has, at one time or another, received a query beginning "NEED OFFICIAL REACTION..." and has had to reply, "MINISTRIES CLOSED FEAST OF PURPLE ELEPHANT."

Sometimes this corks off the query; sometimes it inspires, after a thoughtful pause, a cable reading, "SUGGEST FEATURE FEAST." It is then necessary to answer "SEE MY AIRMAILED SIXTEENTH" and launch into a sporadic correspondence by memorandum that ends with the discovery of the missing masterpiece in the advertising department, where a secretary shortstopped the envelope to get the stamps for her little brother's collection.

A certain amount of time, of course, always has to be spent quieting the quick-flaring apprehensions of the accounting department.

An outlay of 20,000 patushniks is bound to bring a quick query. It may represent only \$1.34 in convertible

currency, but accountants are automatically alarmed by the expenditure of 20,000 anything. They are also automatically suspicious of all currency conversions.

When a London man on temporary assignment in Amsterdam transposes his accounts from guilders to pounds to dollars, the home office puts in overtime with slide rule and a copy of the latest exchange rates. They're positive he made on the deal somewhere and are determined to find out where.

One overseas bureau chief asked permission to raise a native staffer to 40,000 patushniks a month *on the books*. The last three words were underlined in the request but overlooked at home. The chief accountant, no man to be flummoxed by exotic currencies, picked up the phone, called a correspondent from that country at the UN and asked if 40,000 patushniks was a reasonable salary for a reporter.

"Great galloping water buffalos," said the correspondent, "our managing editor only gets 32,000." He didn't add, because the chief accountant didn't ask him, that this was 32,000 cash and that the managing editor theoretically got an additional 30,000 or so for bicycle oil allowance, shoe depreciation, elevator travel time, corkage, and some 40 other fringe benefits imposed by the Harmonious Association of Journalists.

Items of this ilk can look pretty fishy to the boys back home, who forget how far out some of their own deductions on a 1040 might seem to, say, an Indonesian. The raise finally went through, but only after the bureau chief had listed every last allowance and tax requirement in statistics of one syllable. It came to six single-spaced typewritten pages.

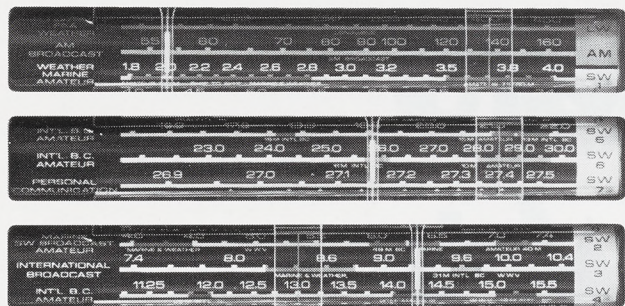
The headlong tumbling of progress promises to eliminate many of these difficulties. Technology may reach the point where cables are never garbled, or rates may reach the point where they are never sent. The day will come when there will be no misunderstandings and no delays in a correspondent's communications with the home office.

And I will be Queen of Tonga.



# Introducing the most advanced Trans-Oceanic® in history.

The new Trans-Oceanic.® Its all new chassis and tuner make it the finest Zenith shortwave radio ever.



First of all, the new Trans-Oceanic has four times the power of its illustrious predecessor. Plus greater sensitivity and selectivity to help you bring in stations around the world even more clearly.



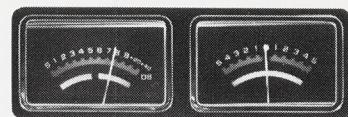
And now there are 12 bands. So there's greater range to cover more frequencies than ever before. In addition to AM and FM, you get all the short wave bands.

Marine, weather and local aircraft information. Police, fire, CB and ham radio broadcasts, too.

Quartz crystal filters have replaced ordinary tuned circuit filters, to help you tune in stations more clearly and hold on to them better. Until now, quartz filters were the exclusive property of space age, military and commer-

cial designers. And were usually found only in radios costing \$1000 and more.

A new automatic noise limiter reduces static and ignition interference more effectively than ever before. New twin tuning meters offer peak strength tuning on all bands, plus an extra fine tuning meter for FM. Another new feature makes it easier than ever to tune in single sideband shortwave transmissions.



There are other changes, too. What they add up to is this: The new Zenith Trans-Oceanic is an engineering triumph. It is literally the best radio we've ever made. See your Zenith dealer to place your order.

**ZENITH**

The quality goes in before the name goes on.\*





# Television Covers the War

Arthur Sylvester  
(1966)

In the not so dim past, pictures might be used to illustrate a newspaper story or "brighten up" a Sunday supplement, but they could hardly be called an editor's stock-in-trade. News came from a good story sense, legwork, pencil stubs and old Underwoods, and electronics were confined to 110 volts DC and the yellow glow from a light bulb over a reporter's desk. Copy readers wore green eyeshades rather than earphones, and the word "monitor" reminded you of a Boston newspaper or a duel between ironclads. It was a copy editor's, not a picture editor's, world.

Radio, of course, changed things. It brought news into the home immediately, and those wonderful remote pickups gave the listener something of the reporter's own sense of excitement. Yet the change was largely one of immediacy. You got the news faster

and the words were spoken rather than read, but there was still a man behind the news. He could point up the details, but he made them a part of the whole story. Some of the most exciting broadcasts of those days were when the man on the spot put the events he had witnessed into perspective.

But after the war—in the late 1940's—something happened. The first television sets started flickering.

Like all new inventions TV, at the beginning, was a curiosity. You put a picture in here, and it came out there. The miracle was far more fascinating than the content. People were amazed and then captured.

In 1946 there were only 10,000 television sets in the United States. At the outbreak of the Korean war there were 4 million. Today, dramatic scenes of the war in Vietnam are being seen on more than 67 million television sets in American homes. The average man can now be an eyewitness to history.

On the whole, television has done an excellent and courageous job in reporting the war. Some of the reports

have been absolutely first-rate. Men have taken their cameras into the jungles and the paddies, into the maelstrom of the fighting, to capture the terrible reality of combat.

Yet what is it precisely that the viewer at home actually sees? Is the picture as he gets it the same picture that it was to the cameraman who took it, or to the film editor who selected the clips, or to the newsman who finally interpreted it? Is the picture the same as that seen by the soldier who actually experienced the reality? What actually *did* happen, and what was the context? If the viewer could see what is to the right or left, would the picture have the same effect?

Since 58 percent of the American public today relies upon television as its chief news source, these questions are hardly philosophical.

I don't envy the cameraman in Vietnam. Conditions in the field are hot, humid and generally miserable. They are dangerous, too. Under normal conditions it's not easy to use a news camera well. Imagine, then, the prob-

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**ARTHUR SYLVESTER** served as Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs in the Johnson administration.



# Television Covers the War

**Morley Safer**

(1966)

**T**here has been no war quite like it. Never have so many words been churned out, never has so much 16-mm film been exposed. And never has the reporting of a story been so much a part of the story itself.

This has been true whether you are reporting television's first war, as I have been, or for one of the print media. Washington has been critical of American newsmen in Saigon almost continuously since 1961. That criticism has manifested itself in a number of ways—from the cancellation of newspaper subscriptions to orders to put certain correspondents on ice to downright threat.

As my friend and colleague Peter Kalischer puts it, "The brass wants you to get on the team."

To the brass, getting on the team means simply giving the United States government line in little more than handout form. It means accepting what you are told without question. At times

it means turning your back on facts.

I know of few reporters in Vietnam who have "gotten on the team."

The fact is, the American people are getting an accurate picture of the war in spite of attempts by various officials—mostly in Washington—to present the facts in a different way. That is why certain correspondents have been vilified, privately and publicly.

By late winter of 1964-1965 the war was clearly becoming an American war. And with it came an American responsibility for providing and reporting facts. American officials thus were able to deal directly with reporters. The formality of "checking it out with the Vietnamese" ceased to be relevant.

In Washington the burden of responsibility for giving, controlling and managing the war news from Vietnam fell to—and remains with—one man: Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs.

By early summer of 1965 the first set of ground rules had been laid down for reporting battles and casualties. There was no censorship, but a very

loose kind of honor system that put the responsibility for not breaking security on the shoulders of correspondents. The rules were vague and were therefore continually broken.

For military and civilian officials in Vietnam there was another set of rules—rather another honor system that was not so much laid down as implied. A policy of total candor was to be adhered to. "Total candor" is a phrase used by Barry Zorthian, minister-counselor at the U.S. Embassy in Saigon. Zorthian is what *Time* calls "the information czar" in Vietnam.

If Zorthian does not have the admiration of all the newsmen in Saigon, he at least has the respect of most of them. It would not be naive to say that the feeling is mutual, even when background briefings are held at the tops of our voices.

The breaking of the vague ground rules was something that annoyed everyone. Correspondents were rocked by their editors, and the military in Vietnam felt that Allied lives were being endangered. So in mid-

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**MORLEY SAFER** is a co-host on the CBS-TV "60 Minutes."

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## Arthur Sylvester

lem when someone is shooting at you. Television crews have not only themselves but also their heavy equipment to worry about.

Yet no matter how far he travels, no matter how widely he may range, a man and his camera are limited to one place at one time.

The cameraman may attach himself to the lead element of a column, waiting for the action to begin. He knows that it will be impossible for his 50- or 135-mm "eyes" to see everything. And he has only so much film. Although he can swing his camera a full 360 degrees, he knows he is still limited to his line of sight. Presumably he does not philosophize upon the action, nor does he interpret it. Presumably he will simply record it on film.

When suddenly the action does begin, he has his hands full. Since he can't film everything, he naturally is going to go after the most dramatic pictures.

The very fact that he can't shoot everything, that he is forced to select, now makes him an editor as well as a cameraman. It is not all editing in the newspaper copy sense. It is editing to the extent that you push the button when your viewfinder shows you something you want to record. It is editing to the extent that what lies beyond the cameraman's camera range, beyond his line of sight, does not exist, for he cannot record it on his film.

If the men around him are being shot up, that is what he records. Yet while he is covering this particular action, it may well be that the column behind the lead company, the units on the flanks, are moving in unopposed. The casualties have been only up front—the column is quite intact.

And while he shows Vietnamese civilians huddled in fear, trying to avoid the shooting, the civic action that will be taking place in this village shortly afterward probably will not be recorded because he continues to move "where the action is." That the overall action may have been light, the village secured and help on its way are

beyond the range of his camera. Risking his neck, he has shown a small action out of the context of the whole.

Now the viewer comes on stage. The film taken at such cost and effort is finally flashed upon those 67 million American television sets. The viewer makes his own judgments.

The nature of that judgment is important. Pictures have an impact words seldom have. They are immediate, vivid and produce nonverbal and emotional reaction. Within minutes the viewer may be on the telephone, or dashing off a letter to his congressman.

To the viewer, the villagers huddled in fear must always remain that way. Since the main body of the column is beyond camera range, there is no main body.

The conventional pencil and notebook reporter can range as far as his mind and insights will take him, the film reporter only as far as his camera can see.

I can tell you quite frankly that, in my present job, this immediate response to a partial story causes no end of problems. The letters start coming in. Program viewers think they know what is going on. But what they have seen is usually only part of the picture. To give them the complete picture in words is a contradiction in itself.

What can television do about it?

Since television is by its nature a more subjective means of reporting, special effort has to be made in order to make it more objective. This throws the burden on the television newsman.

It would seem to me that in order to put his pictures into perspective he will have to become a commentator on the action much in the same manner in which the late Edward R. Murrow commented on the blitz from the burning rooftops of London. Here is part of the transcript of his Sept. 10, 1940, broadcast. To an America shocked by the fall of France and more than apprehensive about the fate of Britain, Murrow first gives the broad picture. "The raid which started about seven hours ago is still in progress... The

number of planes engaged tonight seems to be about the same as last night... it is impossible to get any estimate of the damage."

But scattered within the broadcast are the human vignettes—Murrow and Larry LeSueur driving about the streets of the besieged city, the old dowagers and retired colonels waiting out the raid on the overstuffed settees of a Mayfair hotel, the shelter cut out of a lawn of a London park. Murrow closes with this vignette:

"As I entered this building half an hour ago one man was asking another if he had a good book. He was offered a mystery story, something about a woman who murdered her husband. And as he stumbled sleepily down the corridor, the lender said, 'Hope it doesn't keep you awake.'"

Had there been television cameras during the blitz, and had they shown only the biggest fires in London, the history of the world might have turned out very differently. But this last touch does it. No matter how bad the bombing, no matter how numerous the casualties, we see that no one is about to quit. The broad picture has been given a human equation.

The responsibility of the wise viewer must be always to ask, "What are they *not* showing me?" just as the wise reader must always ask, "What are they *not* telling me?"

This is the first war to be covered by TV. One should not expect that the reporting techniques of an instrument as complicated as television, operating under the most difficult conditions, will be fully developed at the outset. Radio had the Czech crisis on which to warm up and the outbreak of World War II with which to perfect a format that served the public so admirably. Television is going through the same sort of development. The long view, the whole story—these are the elements which have to be balanced with the dramatic on-the-spot picture. As television moves toward this higher plateau of responsibility and achievement it will contribute even greater service to the American people.



## Morley Safer

summer, when Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara came to Saigon and brought Sylvester with him, we all looked forward to the formulation of a clear-cut policy. Sylvester was to meet the press in an informal session to discuss mutual problems. The meeting was to take the vagueness out of the ground rules.

I know that Zorthian looked forward to this confrontation. He had been concerned for a number of reasons about what he described as the credibility of the United States being questioned. In this he echoed former Ambassador Maxwell Taylor. Zorthian had, on Ambassador Taylor's instructions, assembled four correspondents to meet the ambassador in private and take soundings on the whole question of American credibility. I was one of the four, and what was discussed then remains privileged. The ambassador showed a great deal of sympathy and said questions would be put to people in high places. Unfortunately before the week was out he announced his resignation.

The Sylvester meeting, on the other hand, was surely one of the most disheartening meetings between reporters and a news manager ever held.

It was a sticky July evening. Zorthian had made the usual Thursday callout to what is known as the inner circle of American correspondents in Saigon. The time was fixed for 9 p.m., just after everyone had finished filing.

I was with Murray Fromson, CBS Southeast Asia correspondent. As we returned from our nightly broadcast to New York we looked forward to the cool drinks that are always available at Zorthian's villa.

Inside it was cool. The chairs had been arranged around a low settee where Zorthian usually holds court.

Zorthian opened by saying that this was not to be the usual briefing "for information," but a bull session. "Let's face it, you fellows have some problems covering this war," he said. "I want Arthur to hear what they are. Maybe we can get something done."

Zorthian was less relaxed than usual. He was anxious for Sylvester to get an idea of the mood of the news corps. There had been some annoying moments in previous weeks that had directly involved Sylvester's own office. In the first B-52 raids, Pentagon releases were in direct contradiction to what had actually happened on the ground in Vietnam.

Also, those of us involved in broadcasting were anxious to discuss the increasing problems of communication. There was general opening banter, which Sylvester quickly brushed aside. He seemed anxious to take a stand—to say something that would jar us. He did:

"I can't understand how you fellows can write what you do while American boys are dying out here," he began. Then he went on to the effect that American correspondents had a patriotic duty to disseminate only information that made the United States look good.

A network television correspondent said, "Surely, Arthur, you don't expect the American press to be the handmaidens of government."

"That's exactly what I expect," came the reply.

An agency man raised the problem that had preoccupied Ambassador Taylor and Barry Zorthian—about the credibility of American officials. Responded the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs:

"Look, if you think any American official is going to tell you the truth, then you're stupid. Did you hear that?—*stupid*."

One of the most respected of all the newsmen in Vietnam—a veteran of World War II, the Indochina War and Korea—suggested that Sylvester was being deliberately provocative. Sylvester replied:

"Look, I don't even have to talk to you people. I know how to deal with you through your editors and publishers back in the States."

At this point, the Hon. Arthur Sylvester put his thumbs in his ears, bulged his eyes, stuck out his tongue

and wiggled his fingers.

A correspondent for one of the New York papers began a question. He never got beyond the first few words. Sylvester interrupted:

"Aw, come on. What does someone in New York care about the war in Vietnam?"

We got down to immediate practical matters—the problems of communication, access to military planes, getting out to battles.

"Do you guys want to be spoon-fed? Why don't you get out and cover the war?"

It was a jarring and insulting remark. Most of the people in that room had spent as much time on actual operations as most GI's.

Two television correspondents walked out, saying they had had enough. A few minutes later, two more correspondents left. The discussion went on. It got worse—more offensive. Only a few stayed—mainly out of regard for Zorthian.

The relationship between reporters and PIO's in Saigon, on the other hand, has been a good, healthy one. The relationship in the field is better, and in dealing with the men who fight the war it is very good indeed.

The PIO's in Saigon have been as devoted to their jobs as any officer or enlisted man in the field. And in many ways they have it a whole lot tougher. They are hog-tied by impossible ground rules. Certain items may be released by them, others only by Sylvester himself. Pity the career man who forgets it.

The implied threat of the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs—"I know how to deal with you through your editors"—gives some indication of the way the Pentagon tries to exert pressure. Among my colleagues in Vietnam I know of no one who has been asked by an editor to "ease off" or to follow any kind of official line. I do know of attempts by certain American officials in Washington to vilify certain correspondents, among them this one.



## Morley Safer

It's no secret that the former president of CBS News, Fred W. Friendly, was informed that I was married to an Asian and therefore presumably had some kind of bias in favor of Asians and therefore presumably was not 100 percent American in my thinking. The fact that I'm not married at all makes the whole thing even more ludicrous.

The pressure can take less subtle forms: "Unless you get Safer out of there he's liable to end up with a bullet in his back."

This is television's first war. It is only in the past few years that the medium has become portable enough to go out on military operations. And this has raised some serious problems—problems, incidentally, which every network correspondent and cameraman in Vietnam is acutely aware of.

The camera can describe in excruciating, harrowing detail what war is all about. The cry of pain, the shattered face—it's all there on film, and out it goes into millions of American homes during the dinner hour. It is true that on its own every piece of war film takes on a certain antiwar character, simply because it does not glamorize or romanticize. In battle men do not die with a clean shot through the heart; they are blown to pieces. Television tells it that way.

It also tells what happens to civilians who are caught in the middle of battle. It tells what happens to soldiers under the stress of the unreal conditions in which they live. American soldiers are not *always* 100 percent sterling characters, just as American policy is not *always* exactly what is right for the world or for Vietnam's smallest hamlet.

The unfavorable has always been

reported along with the favorable—but television tells it with greater impact. When the U.S. blunders, television leaves little doubt.

So when a government official, either in Saigon or Washington, denies what television plainly reports and the attempts to give verisimilitude to his denial by damning the reporter—at best that is pure humbug.

The war in Vietnam has become almost entirely an American responsibility. And responsible American officials must accept it. For the most part they have. But there have been glaring examples of miscalculation and a few examples of downright lying. The miscalculations have been reported, the lies have been reported, the lies have been found out. And it is that kind of honest reporting that in the end measures the rightness of our cause in Vietnam or anywhere else.

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# The Foreign Correspondent Lives It Up

**Art Buchwald**

(1964)

One of the canards of the newspaper business is that a foreign correspondent lives well when he is abroad. Well, it just isn't so, and it's about time someone put an end to this myth.

I'll never forget the time I was dining at Maxim's with Sophia Loren. We had just finished a filet of sole *Albert* and were starting on a *coq au vin* when the sommelier rushed in and said four French army generals had taken over Algeria in a coup, and it was rumored the paratroopers were going to drop on Paris.

The first thing I did was order a *Chateau Mouton Rothschild* 1929 and while some may say this is too light with a *coq au vin*, I much prefer it to the younger Burgandies. The stupid sommelier was so nervous he gave us a *Chateau Lafitte* 1927, and I was about to complain when Sophia put her hand on my hand and said: "Please, darling, there is a war on."

The rest of the meal was ruined for me and I ate my 21 crepes suzettes in silence. As I drank an 1896 brandy, I was called to the phone by the editor of the Herald Tribune.

"There may be trouble," he said. "You better get over to the *Place de la Concorde* and see what's up."

I became quite irritated, but a foreign correspondent never questions an order, so I slipped into my vicuna-lined trench coat and wandered over to the *Place*. I told Sophia I would call her later at the hotel, and we kissed passionately in the cloak room.

Then I wandered out to the *Place*. There was nothing happening, but I bumped into Lauren Bacall who invited me up to her room for a nightcap. I said I was on a story but I'd call her later. It was a brisk night and I told my chauffeur I would walk.

I started up the *Champs Elysees*, passing camion after camion of French soldiers all armed and waiting for an

attack on Paris.

I decided to call the paper, but first I rang up Brigitte Bardot and told her I wouldn't be able to get over. She seemed very disappointed, and I became angry.

"Don't you know there's a war on?" I asked.

"I don't want to be alone," she cried.

"The world is waiting for my story," I told her. "Maybe I'll stop by later."

I could hear her crying as I hung up. I then called the paper and reported in. They had a rumor that the paratroopers were going to land at Versailles. I told them they could find me at Ava Gardner's suite at Hotel George V if the rumor panned out.

Ava and I split a bottle of champagne and then I said I had to go. I could see how sad she was.

"I'll never fall in love with a foreign correspondent again," she said.

I kissed her on the forehead and went out into the night. It still seemed quiet, although there was firing of rifles and bombs somewhere off in the distance. My deadline was getting near, but I decided to go down to *Les Halles* for some onion soup. I picked up Ingrid Bergman and we drove down in her car.

About three I called the paper again and they said De Gaulle was coming back to Paris to take over the government. It didn't seem like much of a story, so I took Ingrid over to the White Elephant and we danced until about five.

When I got back to my apartment my butler said that Elizabeth Taylor had called four times. But I was tired and dirty and I wanted a bath, so I decided not to call her back.

I finally got to bed at six after reading several chapters of Henry Miller.

I'll admit it wasn't much of an evening, but it was typical of the ones I spent in Paris, and it should prove once and for all that despite what you read and see in the movies, a foreign correspondent's life isn't what it's cracked up to be.

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**ART BUCHWALD** now writes his internationally-syndicated column from Washington.



# Coming in from the Cold

James Bell

(1974)

*This business is full of pleasant little surprises. My surprise for 1973 was rediscovering that reporting is a respected and honorable calling in the U.S. I had forgotten that in 20 years of trench-coating abroad. It is easy to forget, for in a large part of the civilized world the reporter is still considered an unnecessary nuisance at best.*

At one time in 1952 I was banned from Jordan, Syria and Saudi Arabia and simultaneously denounced in Israel as an anti-Zionist propagandist because I was writing about Arab refugees. I had ignored the advice of a fine old Arab gentleman: "Write anything you want, but never mention people, politics or religion."

King Farouk's security men followed me. I did not mind until they grabbed all my pictures of fellaheen applauding from trees along the route of His Majesty's wedding procession. They said I was obviously trying to suggest that "Egyptians are monkeys." They also confiscated my crossword-puzzle book as a cryptographic device.

Mohammed Mossadegh's opponents circulated reports to the Iranian press that the old weeper had paid me \$165,000 to make him *Time's* Man of the Year. Good Lord! I even returned a kilo of caviar that the great nationalizer had once sent me.

A drunken Patrice Lumumba threatened to have his goons castrate me because I had the impertinence to ask him a question about his criminal record.

South African police arrested me for standing on a corner in a native location doing nothing whatsoever. They also questioned me at length about why Time-Life Books was trying to subvert the country with Communist propaganda in the form of its volume on Russia by the late Charley Thayer.

A puzzled British administrator once asked me why I "insisted" on addressing the late Tom Mboya as "Sir." And I became *persona non grata* with the last colonial governor of Tanganyika for reporting that he wore a plumed hat to a tribal affair.

Although armed with perfectly valid visas, I was chased (by machine-gun bursts) from the Greek-Bulgarian border and denied passage across the Soviet-Finnish frontier on the Karelian Isthmus.

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**JAMES BELL** is now a senior correspondent for *Time* after having served as correspondent or bureau chief in many cities abroad.

I got splattered when a tipsy Nikolai Bulganin threw a glass past my ear at a reception in Moscow. At another such affair, the late Nikita Khrushchev waved his finger under my nose and accused me of being a "very bad man."

Having given an expensive sports car to a journalist friend of mine, a German automobile company's public relations department assumed it could buy me. The Herr Doktor could not understand when I declined his command to proceed to Stuttgart for orders.

I was belabored by the late President Sukarno of Indonesia as I sat with colleagues in a crowd of 80,000 hysterical Sukarno worshipers. Sukarno did not like the color that *Time's* cover artist gave to his face.

I was denounced in eight columns of end-of-the-world type and burned in effigy by supporters of former Philippines President Carlos Garcia after a piece about graft and corruption in Manila.

Scotland Yard once dressed me down for reporting that James Earl Ray, captured in London, had a record of convictions before murdering Martin Luther King. Prime Minister Harold Wilson was outraged when he felt that I had gone out of channels in trying to get an interview.

Charles de Gaulle's people always made it clear to me that I was not especially welcome around the Elysée Palace.

So, after 4½ years in Rome, where I was considered a mere nuisance rather than a threat, I came home and was assigned to the eleven states of the Confederacy.

The sun suddenly came out.

Incredibly, I was no longer a spy. No one seemed to feel that he could buy me or that I would automatically give him \$11,500 for information on the whereabouts of Martin Bormann. I could get governors, university presidents, chairmen of the board and country sheriffs to tell me things. I could not believe it, but I could leave a message and 15 minutes later Ross Perot would call back eager to help. One night I talked to twelve of Texas' most distinguished lawyers, none of whom had ever heard of me, about the intimate details of John Connally's firm. Residents of Morganton, N.C., were happy to tell me all about Senator Sam Ervin, including the warts.

One of my first assignments after returning was to go see George Wallace, a man to whom *Time* has hardly been overly kind. Well, if Governor Wallace had been a European, Asian, Middle Eastern or African statesman, I would not have been able to get within six blocks of his office. But George greeted me like a long-lost buddy and simply could not do enough for me. He even invited me to ride in his executive jet to Decatur where he had a Fourth of July "speakin' date" with Teddy Kennedy. George says I'm "a good ole boy," and anyway, *Time* has always spelled his name right.

I do miss the old trench coat. Over there I had all those wonderful interviews with Pope Paul (who once told me exclusively, "Sit down") and Alexander Dubcek (who told me exclusively, "No. Goodbye. Thank you.") Now I spend most of my time reporting on God and the energy crisis and how Watergate has affected the kindergarten curriculum in Pearl River County, Miss. But don't get me wrong. It is a lot more pleasant than being in jail in Beirut.





The targets, says Jack Anderson, include corporations, big government, big labor, the military, organized professions; the aim is to let in the light of public scrutiny.

# Rebels with a Cause: Muckraking

**Jack Anderson**

(1976)

**M**uckraking is somewhat celebrated at the moment, but over the long haul it is the least honored and worst rewarded of professions. Certainly it is the most vaguely defined.

Rightly seen, muckraking is the ex-

**JACK ANDERSON** is a nationally-syndicated Washington columnist and TV personality.

posure of something bad that pretends to be good, something harmful and hidden, whose revelation will alert the victim and expose the exploiter. It has about it the growl of a watchdog and the patina of truth served up "without fear or favor."

But muckrakers often get mixed up with their illegitimate cousins—the purveyors of gossip that is only titillating, the peddlers of mere grotes-

queries, the mongers of scandals that lack redeeming social content. These distinctions at times can be so subtle that we muckrakers miss them ourselves.

Perhaps mixed parentage explains this diversity of offspring. Muckrakers are descended in part from the utopian visionaries and idealistic reformers of the 19th century, high-class types, but also in part from those marvelous dregs of journalism, the editors of political party organs, who were dedicated to a general emptying of bladders upon the other side.

They poured out such slop as that Thomas Jefferson bedded down with a beauteous slave, that Andrew Jackson's wife was a bigamist, that Grover Cleveland had perpetrated bastardy, that John Quincy Adams had installed a \$50 pool table in the White House at public expense.

So it is that muckraking has come to have about it a mixed aroma compounded of idealism and disreputability. And, in truth, our gazing at the stars is only intermittent, done between raking behind the barn or peeping over the transom.

It is, then, appropriate that the Magna Charta of our profession—the John Peter Zenger case—grew out of partisan exposures, truthful ones, about a Colonial governor of New York, written by a lawyer of the opposition faction and printed in that faction's organ—The New York Weekly Journal.

Government in the 1730's had a handy law for dealing with the press—a 1606 star-chamber decree that the truth was no defense. And so Zenger, a hapless printer, was duly indicted for seditious libel. That should have been the end of it, but Zenger's defense submitted a novel and ingenious argument: that to be libelous an article had to be false. The jurors agreed.

Muckraking, like depressions and above-the-knee hemlines, is a creature of cycles. The youngsters who today flock to college classes on investigative reporting should understand one thing clearly: Those who pursue muckraking for a lifetime are destined to spend part of their span as anachronisms, part as unsung precursors, and only a fraction as the temporary lions of the hour.

And they never can be sure what part



of the cycle they're in. Even as we strut about during this season of apparent favor, I suspect that the invisible tide has already receded and that future historians will decree that by 1976 the shadow of obsolescence had again fallen over us.

Muckraking bloomed fabulously in the first decade of this century. With all the impact of fresh discovery, it fell upon the anti-social proclivities of Congress, Wall Street, city government, insurance companies, big oil, banks, the police, the meat packers. Many of its exposes were carried in a new medium, the inexpensive weekly magazine (McClure's, Everybody's, Success, Collier's, The American Magazine, Hampton's) directed at a largely middleclass audience.

But people at length become bored even with calamities and particularly with regeneration. By 1910, muckraking had begun to fall out of fashion. Then, the wartime rallying around the flag and the 1920's illusion of prosperity buried it for almost two decades, as the nation turned toward self-satisfaction.

It did not return in force until the hard times of the 1930's, when journalists, aided by novelists and dramatists, impressed upon the public consciousness the stark plight of factory workers, sharecroppers, miners, migrant workers, small farmers, the unemployed, the homeless.

But the return of war and the postwar yearning for "normalcy" eclipsed muckraking for another two decades until the discovery of poverty, the civil rights movement, Vietnam and the re-emergence of Richard Nixon.

Not that it ever entirely died out. During the generation of disfavor that follows each renaissance, a few incorrigible and noble publications and individuals—The Nation, The New Republic, Drew Pearson—keep the smudge pots burning.

That muckraking fades away is not the consequential thing; what popular enthusiasm or artistic form does not? The significant thing is that it returns, and that, as Carey McWilliams has written: "In its periods of



**Pioneer muckraker Lincoln Steffens found a way through contradictions and denials to get to the 'probable truth.'**

sober self-criticism, the nation really does redress many of its wrongs, really does help those who cannot help themselves, and does thereby renew its world image as a state concerned not solely, or even primarily, with self-aggrandizement, but much more importantly with dignity, freedom and self-respect."

What has elevated muckraking above shabby gossip and made it more than a mere striving for individual recognition, a competition for circulation and profits or a venting of political or ideological partisanship are the paradoxical optimism of its spirit, the consistent loftiness of its aims, and the honesty of its methods.

Muckrakers, from Ida Tarbell to Ralph Nader, have typically believed in the decency of the average person once the foot is off his neck; in the proper response of society, if it knows the truth; in the workability, indeed the genius, of the American political and economic system, so long as its malefactors and malfunctions are regularly exposed. Some muckrakers, such as Lincoln Steffens, grow discouraged with reformism, but most stick with the belief that "the cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy," and that evolution, not revolution, is the path for America.

The central aim has always been simple: to free the humble and the helpless from the exploitations of the greedy, the corrupt and the unthinking. Its enemy is always secrecy and un-

accountable power. At the turn of the century, this meant corporations primarily; they are still high on the list. But big government, big labor, the military and the organized professions have joined them as favorite suspects.

The proposed cure is always the same: to open the books, to let in the light of public disclosure. Muckraking, because it essentially believes in the American society, believes that the truth will make us free.

Muckrakers adopted a method consistent with their mission. Lincoln Steffens offered a formula:

"Clear your mind of all pre-possessions, then go to the enemies and the friends of your subject. Take all that they give you of charges, denials and boasting; see the man himself; listen sympathetically to his own story; and, to reduce the consistency the jumble of contradictions thus obtained, follow his career from birth through all its scenes, past all the eyewitnesses and documents to the probable truth."

Historian Jay Martin of the University of California describes the muckraking method as "a passion for truth ...based on the material of facts, always more facts, and a commitment to scientific inquiry and sanity in presentation."

The aim and the method of the muckraker are resented by the complacent on the right, who are ever reluctant to wallow in our cesspools, and scorned by the despairing on the left, who either foresee an unavoidable apocalypse or advocate the destruction of the American system.

Is it then to be the blindfold, or the sword, or the pen?

Let us draw comfort from the words of Sen. George Norris, spoken at the grave of the great journalist Paul Y. Anderson, who exposed Teapot Dome and the plunder of our natural resources in the 1920's:

"The pen he wielded for so many years in behalf of humanity, in behalf of justice, was more mighty than the sword of the most illustrious warrior who ever fought upon the field of battle."



# It Was--and is Is--to Laugh

Bennett Cerf

(1966)

Admittedly this is an era of violent change. An MIT professor summed up the trend when he declared, "Anything that still works today is *obsolete*." Two things, however, steadily resist change of any kind. One is sex. The other is war humor.

Leaving sex aside—temporarily, of course—I set down four jokes that were popular in 1918 and four that are going the rounds today. If you detect any basic difference in direction, you're a more discerning analyst than I am.

There does seem to be a difference in the *quality* of war stories then and now. Everybody's heart and soul was in World War One, which is not the case today—to put it mildly. But to a weary G.I., a front line is a front line, a snafu is a snafu, and a pompous, newly-commissioned second lieutenant is the butt of his gripings and comical threats, no matter who the current enemy may be.

The four World War One favorites:

1. A group of GIs from darkest Bronx were engaged in a cutthroat game of pinochle during a lull in the fighting. One of them was dealt an unusually strong hand and promptly bid "410." That's the equivalent of a straight flush in poker or a grand slam vulnerable in bridge. The other players prepared to beat the hand if they possibly could.

Suddenly a stray shell was lobbed over by the enemy and neatly blew off the head of the soldier who had made the 410 bid. The other boys sat in stunned silence for a moment. Then one of them crawled over and cased

the decapitated GI's hand. "You know," he remarked, "I think he would have made it!"

2. Two Irish boys from Chicago were going into battle for the first time, and the Captain offered a dollar for every one of the enemy they killed. Pat lay down to rest while Mike maintained the lookout. Suddenly Mike awakened Pat by shouting, "They're coming!"

"Who's coming?" inquired Pat.

"The enemy, you fool," replied Mike.

"How many are there?" shouted Pat.

"About 50,000," estimated Mike.

"Begorrah," cried Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made!"

3. A tired and odoriferous group of draftees idled down the company street shouldering an oddly assorted equipment of spades, shovels, and guns. A lieutenant pounced on the leading figure in the group and barked, "Hey, soldier, where's that mule I told you to take out and have shod?" "Holy smoke, did you say 'shod,' sir?" stuttered the draftee. "We just buried him with full military honors."

4. Two second lieutenants were engaged in deep conversation one night when a little dog, nearsighted perhaps, mistook one of them for a fire hydrant. The lieutenant looked down with distaste, then grumbled, "How did that damn dog know I'm a second lieutenant?"

Here are four current stories, three from Saigon, one from Tel Aviv.

1. In an encampment near the demilitarized zone, an officious second lieutenant was the pet hate of all the privates. Yet to a man they contributed for a birthday present to the detested officer. It was a framed picture of Lassie, neatly inscribed, "With love,

from Mother."

2. A U.S. Navy supply ship put in for a spell at a Pacific island famed for its voluptuous and scantily clad maidens. One sailor spent a memorable day on shore posing groups of the cooperating beauties, and photographing them with his miniature camera. An ensign watched him silently for some time, then inquired mildly, "Where do you think you're going to get all those films developed?"

The sailor replied, "Films? Who's got films?"

3. A few weeks after Israel's lightning victory over Egypt, an Israeli soldier, leading a mangy, hairless, yellow dog on a string encountered an Arab warrior in the open desert. The Arab was accompanied by an enormous, savage looking mastiff, and he sneered at the Israeli, "If you don't get that mutt of yours out of here quick, my dog will kill him with three bites." The Israeli unhesitatingly countered, "I'll bet you a hundred dollars my dog can lick yours." The gleeful Arab snatched at the offer, and the snarling dogs had at each other. The fight was over in a matter of seconds. The Israeli's yellow dog simply massacred his heavier and bigger opponent. "What kind of a dog is that anyway?" the Arab wanted to know. The Israeli answered cheerfully, "Before we had its nose fixed, it was an alligator."

4. A rewrite man in Chicago was editing a cover story on General Westmoreland and cabled Viet Nam headquarters, "How old Westmoreland?" A joker there cabled back, "Old Westmoreland just fine. How you?"

If you see any difference, brother—Vive IT!

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**BENNETT CERF**, book publisher, a founder of Random House, columnist and radio-TV personality, died in 1971.



# What the Correspondent Owes His Country

Vermont C. Royster  
(1966)

**A** journalist owes nothing to those who govern his country. He owes everything to his country.

This is true in war as in peace. It applies as much to the frontline correspondent as to the editorial writer pondering the policy of nations in his littered sanctum.

The only difference is that in peace there is rarely any difficulty in deciding when the interests of the government and the interests of the nation collide. Most of the time they are the same, but the journalist need never hesitate to write something that may injure the one if it will serve the other.

In war it is not always so simple.

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**VERMONT C. ROYSTER** was editor of *The Wall Street Journal*, for which he continues to write regularly.

Sometimes writing the truth about the government—or, more often, the truth about the conduct of its military affairs—may injure the country. At other times it is essential, if the country is to be truly served, that the public know the unvarnished truth even at the cost of bringing statesmen and generals into disrepute. There are even times when small injuries to the country's immediate good must be suffered for the country's greater ultimate good.

For any honest journalist, the anguish is in deciding which time is which.

A few examples may serve to illustrate the problem.

In ordinary times a newspaperman should not hesitate a moment to dig out and reveal a Teapot Dome deal, a scandal over government contracts or any other kind of hanky-panky,

though the malfeasance reach to the highest offices.

Indubitably such stories do injury to those entrusted with government. Perhaps at times they do injury to the government itself by impairing the public confidence. But clearly they serve the country, for the country is done a greater injury by malfeasance unrevealed. Emile Zola very nearly destroyed a French government—and he saved not only an obscure army officer but France itself.

In most cases this is true even in wartime. The Truman committee during World War II uncovered a lot of peculiar goings-on, happily most of it of a minor nature, but no one would argue today (although some did at the time) that its revelations hurt the country's war effort. The committee's work served us well and, incidentally, put Mr. Truman in the White House.

But it's easy to imagine an instance where the consequences might be different. Imagine, for example, the discovery of a foulup in the production of ammunition—perhaps one involving outright fraud. The interest of the country requires urgent action. But it is not inconceivable that exposure—informing the enemy that we had insufficient ammunition to fight in a certain place at a certain time—might do irreparable damage.

What, then, is the journalist's duty?

If this is no easy question for a peacetime reporter, the battlefield correspondent meets with still more difficult ones and they are not the ones involved in ordinary daily censorship, official or self-imposed.

The correspondent who knows how and when his country's forces plan to attack, or perhaps how desperate their situation could be should the enemy do thus and so, has no justification for publishing this knowledge. The news serves no purpose to those at home. And it can do great injury to his countrymen.

Personally I have no patience with correspondents who object to this kind of censorship, official or self-imposed, simply because the word "censorship" has a nasty sound. In fact I have little



patience in general with reporters who think their only business is to show off how energetic, clever or knowledgeable they are.

The journalist's real battlefield dilemmas lie elsewhere. After the event, how much should he report on how the battle was mangled, if that be the case? How much should he report, day by day, on how goes the struggle—when, on the one hand, the information may comfort the enemy and, on the other, perhaps help correct the situation by arousing an informed public?

If there are any simple answers to these questions, no man has yet found them. Yet in any given situation an honest and thoughtful newsman can usually find a pragmatic answer if he will use duty as his guide.

Certainly a reporter has no duty to cover up for bungling generals or even for inept Presidents. If he does so out of kindness to the individuals concerned

or out of mistaken ideas of "responsibility" to the government, he is merely being cruel to those risking the hazards of battle and irresponsible to his country's cause.

He may be equally so, of course, if he publicizes foulups merely to catch headlines. Foulups are endemic in the best-run armies, and truth in detail may propagate disaster.

The question, then, that the war correspondent must ask himself is: What purpose does this story serve? What purpose, that is, to those who will read what he writes—the public whose right to know is the whole purpose of this business?

If no purpose will be served by the public reading this juicy morsel, then it's probably a waste of wire tolls and newsprint. This would apply, I'm afraid, to most of the prose about the gore of battle. Every man knows that battles are bloody, and most such stories are

written to show that the reporter was there and to demonstrate his skill at rhetoric.

If the story would injure those in battle and contribute no offsetting value save perhaps the satisfaction of curiosity or the public's desire for the sensational, then the reporter would best keep silent—or leave his account for a later time when, belonging to history, it will cause no harm.

But if the reporter's story is truly something the public needs to know in order that men, knowing it, can put things right or guard against recurrence—then the obligation is to publish the facts no matter what high officers of government would cry us down.

That leaves every journalist with the agony of deciding when that time has come. From that there is no escape. But he will not go far wrong if he remembers that his duty is not to those who govern but to his country.

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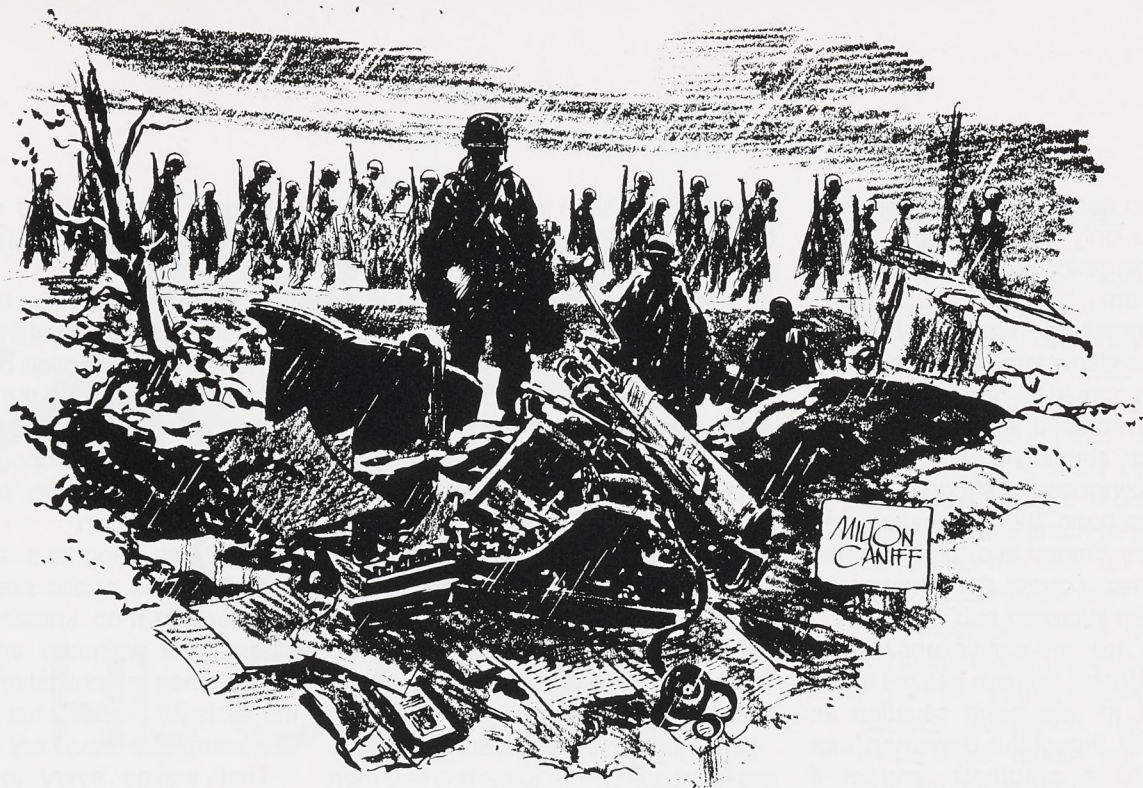
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# In Memoriam

**WEBB MILLER** — London 1940  
**RALPH BARNES** — Yugoslavia 1940  
**WITT HANCOCK** — Java 1942  
**HARRY L. PERCY** — Cairo 1942  
**LEAH BURDETT** — Iran 1942  
**MELVILLE JACOBY** — Australia 1942  
**JACK SINGER** — Pacific 1942  
**BYRON DARNTON** — New Guinea 1942  
**LEE E. C. BAGGETT, II** — Guadalcanal 1942  
**EUGENE M. KEY** — Guadalcanal 1942  
**E. HARRY CROCKETT** — Mediterranean 1943  
**ROBERT P. POST** — Germany 1943  
**FRANK J. CUHEL** — Lisbon 1943  
**BEN ROBERTSON** — Lisbon 1943  
**CARL THUSGAARD** — Madang 1943  
**LUCIEN A. LABAUDT** — Assam 1943  
**BRYDON TAVES** — New Guinea 1943  
**ROBERT W. STINSON** — South Pacific 1943  
**WILLIAM STRINGER** — France 1944  
**RAYMOND CLAPPER** — Marshall Islands 1944  
**FREDERICK FAUST** — Italy 1944  
**TOM TREANOR** — France 1944  
**WILLIAM T. SHENKEL** — Japan 1944  
**BEDE IRVIN** — Normandy 1944  
**HAROLD W. KULICK** — London 1944  
**DAMIEN PARER** — Peleliu 1944  
**DAVID LARDNER** — Germany 1944  
**ASAHEL BUSH** — Leyte 1944  
**STANLEY GUNN** — Leyte 1944  
**JOHN B. TERRY** — Leyte 1944  
**JOHN J. ANDREW** — Far East 1944  
**FRANK PRIST** — Leyte 1944  
**JACK FRANKISH** — Belgium 1944



**SOLOMON I. BLECHMAN** — *Guam* 1944  
**JOHN BUSHEMI** — *Eniwetok* 1944  
**GREGOR DUNCAN** — *Anzio* 1944  
**ALFRED M. KOHN** — *Southern France* 1944  
**RICHARD J. MURPHY, JR.** — *Saigon* 1944  
**PETER PARIS** — *Normandy* 1944  
**ERNIE PYLE** — *le Island* 1945  
**ROBERT BELLAIRE** — *Japan* 1945  
**JOHN CASHMAN** — *Okinawa* 1945  
**WILLIAM H. CHICKERING** — *Philippines* 1945  
**JOSEPH MORLON** — *Austria* 1945  
**FRED C. PAINTON** — *Guam* 1945  
**HAROLD DENNY** — *U.S.A.* 1945  
**JOHN BARBERIO** — *Iwo Jima* 1945  
**ROBERT KRELL** — *Germany* 1945  
**JAMES J. McELROY** — *Iwo Jima* 1945  
**WILLIAM T. VESSEY** — *Iwo Jima* 1945  
**GASTON MADRU** — *Germany* 1945  
**ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON** — *Hong Kong* 1946  
**WILLIAM PRICE** — *Egypt* 1946  
**ALFRED KORNFELD** — *Germany* 1946  
**DIXIE TIGHE** — *Japan* 1946  
**PHILIP A. ADLER** — *Japan* 1947  
**GEORGE POLK** — *Greece* 1948  
**JAMES BRANYAN** — *Bombay* 1949  
**THOMAS A. FALCO** — *Bombay* 1949  
**H. R. KNICKERBOCKER** — *Bombay* 1949  
**JOHN WERKLEY** — *Bombay* 1949  
**ELSIE DICK** — *Bombay* 1949  
**FRED COLVIG** — *Bombay* 1949  
**NAT A. BARROWS** — *Bombay* 1949  
**GEORGE L. MOORAD** — *Bombay* 1949  
**CHARLES GRATKE** — *Bombay* 1949  
**WILLIAM H. NEWTON** — *Bombay* 1949  
**S. BURTON HEATH** — *Bombay* 1949  
**VINCENT MAHONEY** — *Bombay* 1949  
**BERTRAM D. HULEN** — *Bombay* 1949  
**LYFORD MOORE** — *Oslo* 1950  
**ROBERT DOYLE** — *Indonesia* 1950  
**RAY RICHARDS** — *Korea* 1950  
**JAMES O. SUPPLE** — *Korea* 1950  
**ALBERT HINTON** — *Korea* 1950  
**WILLIAM R. MOORE** — *Korea* 1950  
**WILSON FIELDER** — *Korea* 1950  
**C. D. ROSECRANS, JR.** — *Japan* 1950  
**KEN INOUE** — *Japan* 1950  
**FRANK EMERY** — *Japan* 1950  
**SHANNON L. MEANY** — *Korea* 1950  
**WILLIAM H. GRAHAM** — *Korea* 1951  
**WERNER BISCHOF** — *Peru* 1951  
**ROBERT CAPA** — *Indo-China* 1954  
**GENE SYMONDS** — *Singapore* 1955  
**JOHN G. DOWLING** — *Paraguay* 1955  
**DAVID SEYMOUR** — *Egypt* 1956  
**CAMILLE CIANFARRA** — *At Sea* 1956  
**HENRY N. TAYLOR** — *Congo* 1960

**LIONEL DURAND** — *Paris* 1961  
**EDWARD KOTERBA** — *California* 1961  
**NED M. TRIMBLE** — *California* 1961  
**CHESTER B. KRONFELD** — *Pakistan* 1962  
**PAUL GUIHARD** — *Oxford, Miss.* 1962  
**WILLIAM F. McHALE** — *Italy* 1962  
**JAMES BURKE** — *India* 1964  
**GEORGE CLAY** — *Congo* 1964  
**BERNARD KOLENBERG** — *Vietnam* 1965  
**HUYNH THANH MY** — *Vietnam* 1965  
**JERRY ROSE** — *Vietnam* 1965  
**DICKEY CHAPELLE** — *Vietnam* 1965  
**MARGUERITE HIGGINS** — *(From Assignment in Vietnam)* 1965  
**SAM CASTAN** — *Vietnam* 1966  
**JESSE ZOUSMER** — *Japan* 1966  
**RONALD GALLAGHER** — *Vietnam* 1967  
**PAUL SCHUTZER** — *Sinai* 1967  
**BERNARD FALL** — *Vietnam* 1967  
**TED YATES** — *Jordan* 1967  
**PHILIPPA SCHUYLER** — *Vietnam* 1967  
**BEN OYSERMAN (Canadian)** — *Israel* 1967  
**KLAUS FRINGS** — *Germany* 1968  
**HIROMICHI MINE** — *Vietnam* 1968  
**CHARLES R. EGGLESTON** — *Vietnam* 1968  
**MICHAEL BIRCH** — *Vietnam* 1968  
**ROBERT J. ELLISON** — *Vietnam* 1968  
**JOHN J. CANTWELL** — *Vietnam* 1968  
**RONALD B. LARAMY** — *Vietnam* 1968  
**BRUCE PIGOTT** — *Vietnam* 1968  
**OLIVER E. NOONAN, JR.** — *Vietnam* 1969  
**PAUL DAVID SAVANUCK** — *Vietnam* 1969  
**FRANCOIS SULLY** — *Vietnam* 1971  
**HENRY HUET** — *Vietnam* 1971\*  
**LARRY BURROWS** — *Vietnam* 1971\*  
**KENT POTTER** — *Vietnam* 1971\*  
**KEISABURO SHIMAMOTO** — *Vietnam* 1971\*  
 \* = Missing and presumed dead

**CLAUDE ARPIN** — *Cambodia* 1970\*\*  
**DIETER BELLENDORF** — *Cambodia* 1970\*\*  
**ROGER COLNE** — *Cambodia* 1970\*\*  
**SEAN FLYNN** — *Cambodia* 1970\*\*  
**WELLES HANGEN** — *Cambodia* 1970\*\*  
**TOMOHARU ISHII** — *Cambodia* 1970\*\*  
**KOJIRO SAKAI** — *Cambodia* 1970\*\*  
**DANA STONE** — *Cambodia* 1970\*\*  
**YOSHIHIKO WAKU** — *Cambodia* 1970\*\*  
 \*\* = Missing

**MICHAEL LAURENT** — *Cambodia* 1975  
**BOB BROWN** — *Guyana* 1978  
**DON HARRIS** — *Guyana* 1978  
**GREG ROBINSON** — *Guyana* 1978  
**JOE ALEX MORRIS, JR.** — *Iran* 1978  
**LORD RICHARD VALENTINE CECIL** — *Rhodesia* 1978  
**BILL STEWART** — *Nicaragua* 1979



# The OPC Annual Awards

**Kathleen McLaughlin**

**KATHLEEN McLAUGHLIN** was a reporter and foreign correspondent for *The New York Times*. Now retired, she makes her home in Chicago.

As it was in the beginning—1940, in this instance—pride of craft animates the selection of winners in the Overseas Press Club's annual news awards, despite successive changes of personnel on the panels of judges and of by-lines on the entries. Something there is here, of an emerging tradition of sustained respect for professional excellence, with names widely familiar in news annals adding luster to the record of the past decades.

Drama was inherent in the situation in which the newly formed OPC originated the move to recognize and identify the talent and initiative of the foremost journalists of forty years ago. There was a war on in Europe and a world exposition under way in New York. Spectacular stories were frequent, but few challenged the epic beat by Leland Stowe of the *Chicago Daily News* and *New York Post*, revealing that Hitler's forces had vanquished Norway in a blitzkrieg that had decimated the relatively puny British Expeditionary Force landed earlier at Namsos.

Beginning with the time that Stowe was extolled for his feat during press week at the 1940 World's Fair, the lengthening list of OPC award recipients attests to the enduring ability and will of his contemporary colleagues to discover and to present the facts in breadth and in depth. On far-flung missions, they can and do run intense risks—and sometimes lose tragically, especially when violence erupts from what was misjudged as a local, limited disorder but materializes into armed conflict.

By custom, each Awards Committee is autonomous.\* Several of them have created new categories, some of which have later been discontinued by one of their successor groups. This is an updating for the record.

**\*1979 OPC Awards Committee:** Robert E. Sheridan, **Chairman;** Henry C. Cassidy, Rosalind Massow, Alfred Balk, Barrett Gallagher, Charles Rotkin, Francis Brennan, John Durniak, John G. Morris, Arthur Rothstein, Arnold Drapkin, Howard L. Kany, Gilbert Baker, Russ Patrick, Joseph Egelhoff, Jean Baer, Grace Naismith, Meyer Lurie, Sam Summerlin, Ed Cunningham, Burne Hogarth, George Bookman, Margaret Klein, Rob Sunde, Al Wall, Anita Diamant Berke, Hallie Burnett, Kenneth Giniger, Alex Liepa, Carol Smith, Grace Shaw, Julia Edwards, Marguerite Cartwright and Larry Stessin.

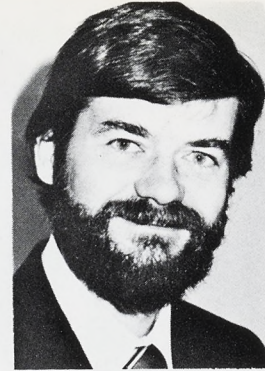




Charles Krause



Tom Fenton



Lew Wheaton

## AWARDS 1940-1978

### Best reporting from abroad

#### DAILY NEWSPAPER OR WIRE SERVICE

(Spot News)

- 1940 Leland Stowe, Chicago Daily News and N.Y. Post
- 1941 Cyrus L. Sulzberger, N.Y. Times (Europe)  
Otto D. Tolischus, N.Y. Times (Far East)
- 1945 Drew Middleton, N.Y. Times (Berlin)  
Frank Robertson, INS (Tokyo)
- 1947 A. T. Steele, N.Y. Herald Tribune
- 1948 Harold Callender, N.Y. Times
- 1949 Joseph Newman, N.Y. Herald Tribune
- 1950 Homer Bigart, N.Y. Herald Tribune  
Hal Boyle, AP (war reporting)
- 1951 Cyrus L. Sulzberger, N.Y. Times
- 1952 Homer Bigart, N.Y. Herald Tribune
- 1953 Joseph and Stewart Alsop, N.Y. Herald Tribune
- 1954 The New York Times
- 1955 Clifton Daniel, N.Y. Times
- 1956 Barrett McGurn, N.Y. Herald Tribune
- 1957 Bob Considine, Frank Coniff and William  
Randolph Hearst, Jr., Hearst Newspapers
- 1958 Bob Considine, Hearst Newspapers
- 1959 A. M. Rosenthal, N.Y. Times
- 1960 Lynn Heinzerling, AP
- 1961 Bob Considine, Hearst Newspapers
- 1962 Andrew C. Borowiec, AP
- 1963 Malcolm Browne, AP
- 1964 Saul Pett, AP
- 1965 Richard Critchfield, Washington Star
- 1966 Hugh Mulligan, AP
- 1967 Joe Alex Morris, Jr., L.A. Times
- 1968 Peter Rehak, AP
- 1969 William K. Tuohy, L.A. Times
- 1970 John Hughes, Christian Science Monitor
- 1971 Sydney Schanberg, N.Y. Times
- 1972 Charlotte Saikowski, Christian Science Monitor
- 1973 Raymond R. Coffey, Chicago Daily News
- 1974 Robert Kaiser, Washington Post
- 1975 Sydney H. Schanberg, N.Y. Times
- 1976 Edward Cody, AP
- 1977 Robert C. Toth, L.A. Times
- 1978 Charles Krause, Washington Post

#### RADIO AND/OR TV

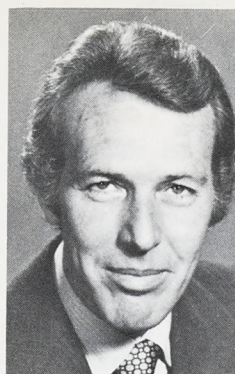
- 1941 Cecil Brown, MBS
- 1947 Merrill Mueller, NBC
- 1948 Henry Cassidy, NBC
- 1949 William R. Downs, CBS
- 1950 Howard K. Smith, CBS

- 1951 Howard K. Smith, CBS
- 1952 Howard K. Smith, CBS
- 1953 Howard K. Smith, CBS
- 1954 Columbia Broadcasting System
- 1955 David Schoenbrun, CBS
- 1956 Irving R. Levine, NBC
- 1957 Frank Kearns and Yussef Masraff, CBS
- 1958 Winston Burdette, CBS
- 1959 Columbia Broadcasting System

#### RADIO

- 1960 Edwin Newman, NBC
- 1961 Marvin Kalb, CBS
- 1962 Sidney Lazard, ABC
- 1963 George Clay, NBC
- 1964 Dean Brelis, NBC
- 1965 Richard Valeriani, NBC
- 1966 Sam Jaffe, ABC
- 1967 Don North, ABC
- 1968 Bernard Redmont, Group W, Westinghouse
- 1969 Steve Bell, ABC
- 1970 Lou Cioffi, ABC; and CBS (team) — Emerson  
Stone, director, with Gerald Miller (posthumously),  
John Laurence, Ike Pappas, William Plante,  
John Sheahan, Richard Threlkeld, and Don Webster
- 1971 CBS (team) — Emerson Stone, director, with  
Thomas Fenton, John Laurence, William Plante,  
Bert Quint, Don Webster, and Ernest Weatherall
- 1972 CBS (team) — Heywood Hale Broun, John  
Laurence, Dave Marash, Bruno Wessertheil,  
Bill McLaughlin, Mitchell Krauss
- 1973 Group W., Westinghouse (team) — Gene Pell,  
director, with Jay Bushinsky, Koe Kamalick,  
Asher Wall, Bernard Redmont, Charles Bierbauer,  
Ed De Fontaine, Jim Anderson, Jerry Udwin
- 1974 ABC News (team) — Sam Cioffi and 17 correspondents
- 1975 CBS News — Ed Bradley, Peter Collins, Bruce  
Dunning, Brian Ellis, Murray Fromson, Bill  
Plante, Bob Simon, Richard Threlkeld
- 1976 ABC Radio News — William Blakemore, John  
Cooley, Charles Glass, Jerry King; and  
CBS News — Mike Lee, Doug Tunnel (Co-winners)
- 1977 CBS News — Reid Collins, Tom Fenton,  
Christopher Glenn, Mike Lee, Bob McNamara,  
Bert Quint, John Sheahan, Bob Simon, Doug  
Tunnell, Bruno Wasserteil
- 1978 A.P. Radio Network — Tom Fenton, Lew  
Wheaton, Hal Moore

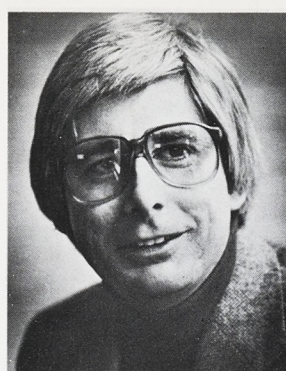




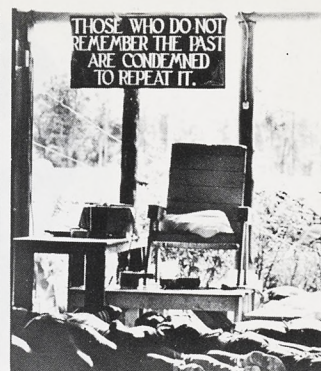
Don Harris



Bob Brown



Frank Johnston



Guyana Massacre

#### Best radio documentary on foreign affairs

- 1971 John Rich, NBC
- 1972 Ramsey Clark, ABC Radio News
- 1973 Peter Wells, producer, Reid Collins, correspondent, CBS News
- 1974 Ted Kappel, ABC News

#### TELEVISION

- 1949 Ernest K. Lindley, Dumont
- 1950 Howard K. Smith, CBS
- 1951 Edward R. Murrow, CBS
- 1952 Edward R. Murrow, CBS
- 1953 Edward R. Murrow, CBS
- 1954 "See It Now," CBS
- 1955 Edward R. Murrow, CBS
- 1956
- 1957 See above: **Radio and/or TV**
- 1958
- 1959
- 1960 Columbia Broadcasting System
- 1961 Helen Jean Rogers and William Hartigan, ABC
- 1962 NBC News
- 1963 Peter Kalischer, CBS
- 1964 Frank Bourgholtzer, NBC
- 1965 Morley Safer, CBS
- 1966 Morley Safer, CBS
- 1967 Ted Yates, NBC
- 1968 Liz Trotta, NBC
- 1969 Don Baker, ABC
- 1970 Kenley Jones, NBC
- 1971 Phil Brady, NBC
- 1972 CBS News (team)—Bob Simon, correspondent, Norman Lloyd, cameraman, Mai Van Duc, cameraman
- 1973 John Laurence, CBS
- 1974 Lou Cioffi, ABC
- 1975 CBS News (team)—Bruce Dunning, Michael Marriott, Mai Van Duc
- 1976 Mike Lee, CBS News
- 1977 No award
- 1978 Don Harris, correspondent (Posthumously), Bob Brown, cameraman (Posthumously), NBC News

#### Best TV documentary on foreign affairs

- 1971 George Watson and Ernest Pendrell, ABC
- 1972 ABC (team); Elmer Lower, Charles Murphy, John Sherman
- 1973 Harry Reasoner, ABC
- 1974 Bill McLaughlin, CBS News

#### PHOTOGRAPHS, DAILY NEWSPAPER OR WIRE SERVICE

- 1948 Jack Birns, Life Magazine
- 1949 Henri Cartier-Bresson, Magnum Photos
- 1950 David Douglas Duncan, Life Magazine
- 1951 Frank Noel, AP
- 1952 David Douglas Duncan, Life Magazine
- 1953 Michael Rougier, Life Magazine
- 1954 Life Magazine
- 1955 Henri Cartier-Bresson, Magnum Photos
- 1956 John Sadovy, Life Magazine
- 1957 See below: Still or Motion Pictures
- 1958 Andrew St. George, Free Lance, in Life Magazine
- 1959 Henri Cartier-Bresson, Life Magazine
- 1960 Yasushi Nagao, UPI
- 1961 Peter Leibing, AP
- 1962 Hector Rondon, AP
- 1963 Henri Cartier-Bresson, Magnum Photos
- 1964 Akihiko Okamura, Life Magazine
- 1965 Kyoichi Sawada, UPI
- 1966 Kyoichi Sawada, UPI
- 1967 Peter Skingley, UPI
- 1968 Edward T. Adams, AP
- 1969 Horst Faas, AP
- 1970 Dennis Cook, UPI
- 1971 N.Y. Times
- 1972 Huynh Cong Ut, AP
- 1973 Sydney Schanberg, N.Y. Times
- 1974 Ovie Carter, Chicago Tribune
- 1975 K. Kenneth Paik, Kansas City Times
- 1976 Robert W. Madden, W. E. Garrett, National Geographic Magazine
- 1977 James P. Blair, National Geographic
- 1978 Frank B. Johnston, Newsweek Magazine

#### PHOTOGRAPHS, IN A MAGAZINE OR BOOK

- 1966 Marc Riboud, Magnum
- 1967 Lee Lockwood, Black Star Publishing
- 1968 David Robison and (posthumously) Priya Ramrahka, in Life; and Romano Cagnoni, in Life
- 1969 Marc Riboud, in Look
- 1970 Larry Burrows, Life (posthumously)
- 1971 Frank Fischbeck, in Life
- 1972 Thomas J. Abercrombie, National Geographic
- 1973 Life Special Report
- 1974 Eddie Adams, Time Magazine





Peter Iseman



Flora Lewis

## MAGAZINE

- 1955 Theodore H. White, Collier's
- 1956 Flora Lewis, N.Y. Times Magazine
- 1957 James Michener, Reader's Digest
- 1958 Joseph Kraft, Free Lance, in Saturday Evening Post
- 1959 George Bailey, The Reporter
- 1960 The Reporter
- 1961 Charles J. V. Murphy, Fortune
- 1962 Robert Kaiser, Time-Life News Service
- 1963 Laura Bergquist, Look
- 1964 Sports Illustrated
- 1965 Michael Mok and Paul Schutzer, Life
- 1966 Sybille Bedford, Saturday Evening Post
- 1967 Linda Grant Martin, N.Y. Times Magazine
- 1968 J. Robert Moskin, Look
- 1969 Christopher Wren, Look
- 1970 Robert Shaplen, The New Yorker
- 1971 Arnaud de Borchgrave, Newsweek
- 1972 Joseph Kraft, The New Yorker
- 1973 Anthony Bailey, The New Yorker
- 1974 Frances FitzGerald, Harper's Magazine
- 1975 John J. Putnam, National Geographic
- 1976 Barry Came, Tony Clifton, Loren Jenkins, William Schmidt, Newsweek Magazine
- 1977 James Pringle, Elizabeth Peer, Arnaud de Borchgrave, Kim Willenson, Newsweek Magazine
- 1978 Peter A. Iseman, Harper's Magazine

## MOTION PICTURES

- 1956 Gerhard Schwartzkopff, CBS
- 1957 See below: Still or Motion Pictures
- 1958 Joseph Oexle, NBC
- 1959 Henry Toluzzi, NBC
- 1960 Yung Su Kwon, NBC
- 1961 Leonard Stark and Nobuo Hoshi, NBC
- 1962 NBC News
- 1963 Columbia Broadcasting System
- 1964 (No award)

## STILL OR MOTION PICTURES

- 1957 Lisa Larsen, Free Lance, in Life Magazine

## BEST REPORTING ORIGINATING IN U.S. OR U.N. ON WORLD AFFAIRS

- 1954 James Reston, N.Y. Times
- 1955 John Daly, CBS

## BEST REPORTING INVOLVING PERSONS, PLACES OR THINGS, BEYOND THE 48 STATES

- 1956 Sports Illustrated

## BEST INTERPRETATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS DAILY NEWSPAPER OR WIRE SERVICE

- 1947 Anne O'Hare McCormick, N.Y. Times
- 1948 James Reston, N.Y. Times
- 1949 Joseph and Stewart Alsop, N.Y. Herald Tribune
- 1950 James Reston, N.Y. Times
- 1951 Joseph and Stewart Alsop, N.Y. Herald Tribune
- 1952 James Reston, N.Y. Times
- 1953 Walter Lippmann, N.Y. Herald Tribune
- 1954 The New York Times
- 1955 Walter Lippmann, N.Y. Herald Tribune
- 1956 See below: All Media
- 1957 Ernest K. Lindley, Newsweek
- 1958 Graham Hovey, Minneapolis Star and Tribune
- 1959 Walter Lippmann, N.Y. Herald Tribune
- 1960 Robert Hewett, Minneapolis Star and Tribune
- 1961 Phil Newsom, UPI
- 1962 Flora Lewis, Washington Post
- 1963 Louis K. Rukeyser, Baltimore Sun
- 1964 Max Frankel, N.Y. Times
- 1965 Jack Foisie, L.A. Times
- 1966 Robert S. Elegant, L.A. Times
- 1967 Michael R. McGrady, Newsday; R. W. Apple, Jr., N.Y. Times
- 1968 Robert S. Elegant, L.A. Times; Stanley Karnow, Washington Post
- 1969 Max Frankel, N.Y. Times
- 1970 Harrison E. Salisbury, N.Y. Times
- 1971 Robert S. Elegant, L.A. Times
- 1972 William L. Ryan, AP
- 1973 Al Burt, Miami Herald; William Montalbano, Miami Herald
- 1974 Donald L. Barlett and James B. Steele, Philadelphia Inquirer
- 1975 Joseph C. Harsch, Christian Science Monitor
- 1976 Flora Lewis, N.Y. Times
- 1977 Jim Hoagland, Washington Post
- 1978 Flora Lewis, N.Y. Times

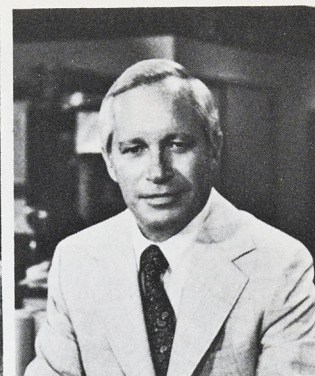




Josh Darsa



Pamela Hill



Frank Reynolds

## RADIO

- 1947 Edward R. Murrow, CBS
- 1948 Elmer Davis, ABC
- 1949 See below: Radio or TV
- 1950 Edward R. Morrow, CBS
- 1951 Elmer Davis, ABC
- 1952 Elmer Davis, ABC
- 1953 Elmer Davis, ABC
- 1954 CBS World News Roundup
- 1955 Eric Sevareid, CBS
- 1956 See below: All Media
- 1957
- 1958
- 1959 See below: **Radio and/or TV**
- 1960
- 1961 Howard K. Smith, CBS
- 1962 Alexander Kendrick, CBS
- 1963 Phil Clarke, MBS
- 1964 Bill Sheehan, ABC
- 1965 Edward P. Morgan, ABC
- 1966 NBC News
- 1967 Welles Hangen and James Robinson, NBC
- 1968 Elie Abel, NBC
- 1969 Alexander Kendrick, CBS
- 1970 NBC; (Team) Peter Burns, Kenley Jones, Bob Green, Phil Brady, Lou Davis, Robert Goralski
- 1971 NBC; (Team) James Quigley, producer; Wilson Hall, anchorman
- 1972 John Chancellor, NBC
- 1973 CBS; (Team) Dan Rather, Marvin Kalb, Bob Schieffer
- 1974 John Chancellor, NBC
- 1975 CBS News; Morton Dean, Murray Fromson, Marvin Kalb, John Laurence, Ike Pappas, Robert Pierpoint, Jonathan Ward, Bill Plante, Richard Threlkeld  
ABC News; Charles P. Arnot, Steve Bell, Lou Cioffi, John Grimes, Peter Jennings, Ted Koppel, Mark Stein, George Watson
- 1976 CBS Radio News; Charles Collingswood, Jonathan Ward, Frank Dalecki, Norman Morris
- 1977 Clark Todd, NBC Radio News
- 1978 Josh Darsa, National Public Radio

## RADIO OR TELEVISION

- 1949 Edward R. Morrow, CBS
- 1950
- 1951
- 1952
- 1953 See above: **Radio**
- 1954
- 1955
- 1956 See below: **All Media**
- 1957 Chet Huntley, NBC
- 1958 Chet Huntley, NBC
- 1959 Quincy Howe, ABC
- 1960 Chet Huntley, NBC

## TELEVISION

- 1961 David Schoenbrun, CBS
- 1962 Columbia Broadcasting System
- 1963 Fred Freed, NBC
- 1964 Marvin Kalb, CBS
- 1965 Fred Freed, NBC
- 1966 Howard K. Smith, ABC
- 1967 Eric Sevareid, CBS
- 1968 Charles Collingswood, CBS
- 1969 NBC; (Team) Elie Abel, Dean Breilis, Wilson Hall, George Murray
- 1970 Ted Koppel, ABC
- 1971 John Hart, CBS
- 1972 Tom Streithorst, NBC
- 1973 NBC; (Team) Helen Marmor, producer; Edwin Newman, anchorman; and 17 correspondents
- 1974 NBC Nightly News Team—John Palmer, Tom Streithorst, Phil Brady, Liz Trotta
- 1975 Bill Seamans, Howard K. Smith, ABC News
- 1976 NBC News "New World, Hard Choices," John Chancellor, Dan O'Connor
- 1977 Barbara Walters, ABC News
- 1978 ABC News Closeup





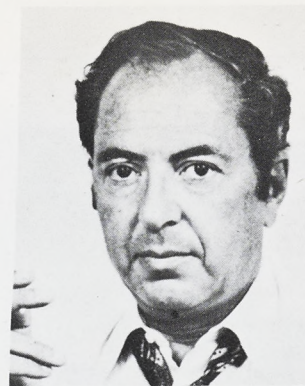
Donald Katz

#### ALL MEDIA

1956 Cecil Brown, NBC

#### MAGAZINE

1964 Norman Cousins, Saturday Review  
 1965 A. M. Rosenthal, N.Y. Times Magazine  
 1966 Eric Sevareid, Look  
 1967 Frances FitzGerald, Atlantic Monthly  
 1968 James C. Thomson, Jr., Atlantic Monthly  
 1969 Carl Rowan, Reader's Digest; Norman Cousins, Saturday Review and Look  
 1970 Anthony Lewis, N.Y. Times Magazine  
 1971 John L. Cobbs and Gordon L. Williams, Business Week  
 1972 James A. Michener, N.Y. Times Magazine  
 1973 Edward R. F. Sheehan, N.Y. Times Magazine  
 1974 Robert Shaplen, New Yorker Magazine  
 1975 Arnaud de Borchgrave, Newsweek Magazine  
 1976 Tad Szulc, New Republic Magazine  
 1977 Joseph B. Treaster, Atlantic Monthly  
 1978 Donald R. Katz, in Rolling Stone Magazine



Tad Szulc

#### BOOK

1957 David Schoenbrun: As France Goes (Harper's)  
 1958 John Gunther: Inside Russia Today (Harper's)  
 1959 Cornelius Ryan: The Longest Day (Simon and Schuster)  
 1960 William L. Shirer: The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich (Simon and Schuster)  
 1961 John Toland: But Not in Shame (Random House)  
 1962 Seymour Freidin: The Forgotten People (Saunders)  
 1963 Dan Kurzman: Subversion of the Innocents (Random House)  
 1964 Robert Trumbull: The Scrutable East (David McKay Co.)  
 1965 Robert Shaplen: The Last Revolution (Harper and Row)  
 1966 Welles Hangen: The Muted Revolution (Alfred A. Knopf)  
 1967 George F. Kennan: Memoirs, 1925-1950 (Atlantic Monthly Press)  
 1968 George W. Ball: The Discipline of Power (Atlantic Monthly Press)  
 1969 Townsend Hoopes: The Limits of Intervention (David McKay)  
 1970 John Toland: The Rising Sun (Random House)  
 1971 Anthony Austin: The President's War (J. B. Lippincott Company)  
 1972 David Halberstam: The Best and the Brightest (Random House)  
 1973 C. L. Sulzberger: An Age of Mediocrity (Macmillan)  
 1974 Cornelius Ryan: A Bridge Too Far (Simon and Schuster)  
 1975 Phillip Knightley: The First Casualty (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich)  
 1976 John Toland: Adolf Hitler (Doubleday)  
 1977 David McCullough: The Path Between the Seas (Simon and Schuster)  
 1978 Tad Szulc: The Illusion of Peace: Foreign Policy in the Nixon Years (Viking Press)





Andrew Nagorski

#### ENDOWED CATEGORIES

##### Best Business News Reporting from Abroad

(1959-1969, E. W. Fairchild Award, \$500) 1970-Present, Bache Award, \$500

- 1959 Peter Weaver, McGraw-Hill World News
- 1960 Edwin L. Dale, Jr., N.Y. Times
- 1961 Edwin L. Dale, Jr., N.Y. Times
- 1962 Joseph A. Livingston, Philadelphia Bulletin
- 1963 Ray Vicker, Wall Street Journal
- 1964 Don C. Winston, McGraw-Hill
- 1965 Bernard D. Nossiter, Washington Post
- 1966 Lawrence Malkin, AP
- 1967 Ray Vicker, Wall Street Journal
- 1968 Clyde Farnsworth, N.Y. Times
- 1969 Philip W. Whitcomb, Christian Science Monitor
- 1970 Leonard S. Silk, N.Y. Times
- 1971 N.Y. Times; Clyde Farnsworth, Hy Maidenberg, Brendan Jones, Edward Cowan, Takashi Oka
- 1972 The Stars and Stripes (European Edition) (Team); Bob Wicker, editor; George Eberl, Ed Reavis, Ken Loomis, Jim Cole, Regis Bossu, Peter Jaeger
- 1973 Ronald Koven and David B Ottaway, Washington Post
- 1974 Philip W. Whitcomb, Christian Science Monitor
- 1975 J. A. Livingston, Philadelphia Inquirer
- 1976 Alfred Zanker, U.S. News & World Report
- 1977 Cary Reich, Institutional Investor
- 1978 Andrew Nagorski, Newsweek International

##### Best report—any medium—on Latin America

(1959-1969, Vision Magazine, Ed Stout Award, \$500)

- 1959 Bertram H. Johannson, Christian Science Monitor
- 1960 Bill Leonard, CBS
- 1961 Juan de Onis, N.Y. Times
- 1962 John E. Pearson, Business Week
- 1963 Laura Bergquist, Look
- 1964 Barnard L. Collier, N.Y. Herald Tribune
- 1965 Ted Yates, NBC
- 1966 Georgie Anne Geyer, Chicago Daily News
- 1967 Laura Bergquist, Look
- 1968 Henry Giniger, N.Y. Times
- 1969 John M. Goshko, Washington Post
- 1970 David Belnap, L.A. Times
- 1971 Jonathan Kapstein, Business Week
- 1972 Lewis H. Diuguid, Washington Post
- 1973 Everett G. Martin, Wall Street Journal
- 1974 William Waters, Arizona Daily Star

##### Best report on Asia (any medium)

(1966-1968, Asia Magazine Award, \$500)

- 1966 Harrison E. Salisbury, N.Y. Times
- 1967 Horace Sutton, Saturday Review
- 1968 Bernard Kalb, CBS
- 1969 Arnold C. Brackman (book, The Communist Collapse in Indonesia, W. W. Norton)
- 1970 Harvey Meyerson (book, Vinh Long, Houghton Mifflin)
- 1971 John Rich, NBC
- 1972 Richard Dudman, St. Louis Post-Dispatch
- 1973 Donald Kirk, Chicago Tribune
- 1974 H. Edward Kim, National Geographic Magazine



**Robert Capa Gold Medal (Life Magazine)**  
**For superlative photography requiring exceptional**  
**courage and enterprise abroad**

- 1955 Howard Sochurek, Magnum Photos, in Life Magazine
- 1956 John Sadovy, Life Magazine
- 1957 (No Award)
- 1958 Paul Bruck, CBS
- 1959 Mario Biasetti, CBS
- 1960 Yung Su Kwon, NBC
- 1961 (No award)
- 1962 Peter and Klaus Dehmel, NBC
- 1963 Larry Burrows, Life Magazine
- 1964 Horst Faas, AP
- 1965 Larry Burrows, Life
- 1966 Henri Huet, AP
- 1967 David Douglas Duncan, Life and ABC
- 1968 John Olson, Life
- 1969 Anonymous Czech photographer
- 1970 Kyoichi Sawada, UPI (posthumously)
- 1971 Larry Burrows, Life (posthumously)
- 1972 Clive W. Limpkin, of London (book, Battle of Bogside, Penguin Books)
- 1973 David Burnett, Raymond Depardon and Charles Gerretsen, Gamma Presse Images
- 1974 W. Eugene Smith, Camera 35 Magazine
- 1975 Dirck Halstead, Time Magazine
- 1976 Catherine Leroy, Gamma, Time Magazine
- 1977 Eddie Adams, AP
- 1978 Susan Meiselas, Time Magazine



Susan Meiselas

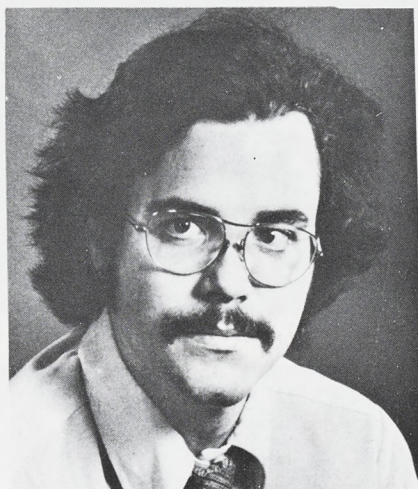


Fighting in Nicaragua





'DON'T WORRY....WE ALWAYS HAVE THE SYRIAN PEACEKEEPING FORCE TO KEEP THE PEACE ... RIGHT?'



Jim Morin

**Best cartoon on foreign affairs**

**(Initially \$500, contributed by N.Y. Times, N.Y. Daily News and the National Cartoonists Society; \$250 from the latter two donors; currently \$125 from N.Y. Daily News).**

- 1968 Don Wright, Miami News
- 1969 Paul F. Conrad, Register and Tribune Syndicate
- 1970 Tom Darcy, Newsday
- 1971 Don Wright, Miami News
- 1972 Tom Darcy, Newsday
- 1973 Warren King, N.Y. Daily News
- 1974 Tony Auth, Philadelphia Inquirer
- 1975 Tony Auth, Philadelphia Inquirer
- 1976 Warren King, N.Y. Daily News
- 1977 Ed Fischer, Omaha World-Herald
- 1978 Jim Morin, Miami Herald

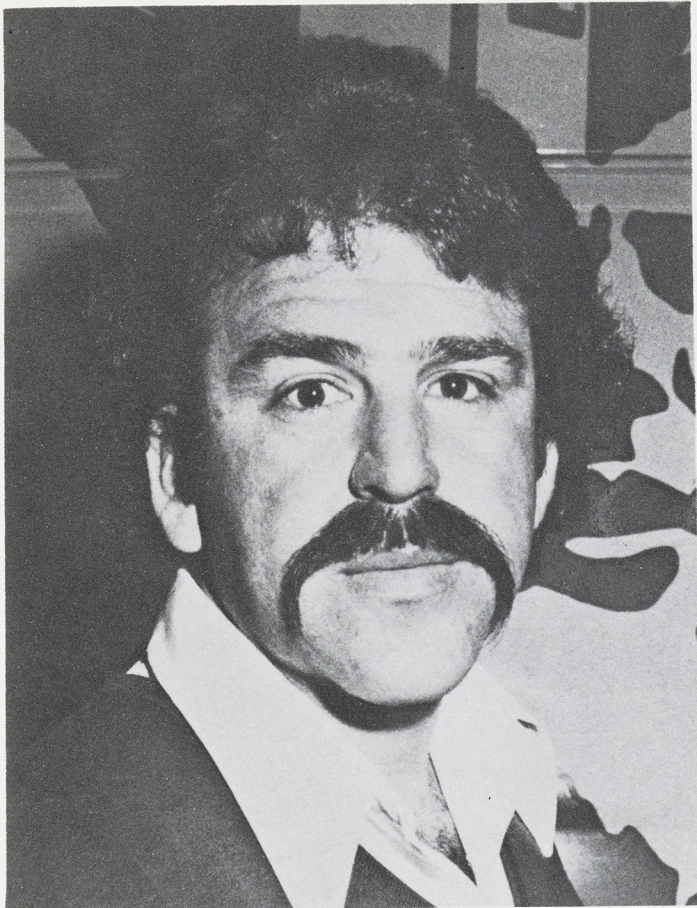
**OPC George Polk Memorial (\$500-CBS)**

**For best reporting, requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad. Final award, 1973.**

- 1948 Homer Bigart, N.Y. Herald Tribune
- 1949 Wayne Richardson, AP
- 1950 Marguerite Higgins, N.Y. Herald Tribune
- 1951 William N. Oatis, AP
- 1952 Homer Bigart, N.Y. Herald Tribune
- 1953 (No award)
- 1954 Robert Capa, Life Magazine (posthumously)
- 1955 Gene Symonds, UP (posthumously)
- 1956 Russell Jones, UP
- 1957 Herbert Matthews, N.Y. Times
- 1958 Joseph Taylor, UPI
- 1959 (No award)
- 1960 Henry N. Taylor, Scripps-Howard Newspapers (posthumously)
- Lionel Durant, Newsweek (posthumously)

- 1961 Dickey Chapelle, Reader's Digest (for magazine, book and photographic coverage)
- 1962 Dana Adams Schmidt, N.Y. Times
- 1963 Richard Tregaskis (for the book, Vietnam Diary)
- 1964 George Clay, NBC (posthumously)
- 1965 Morley Safer, CBS
- 1966 Ron Nessen, Vo Huynh and You Young Sang, NBC
- 1967 Eric Pace, N.Y. Times
- 1968 Peter Rehak, AP
- 1969 Horst Faas and Peter Barnett, AP
- 1970 CBS (Team): producers, Rus Bensley, Ernest Leiser; crew, John Lawrence, Keith Kay, James Clevenger
- 1971 Nicholas W. Stroh, Washington Star (posthumously)
- 1972 (No award)
- 1973 Leon Dash, Washington Post





Alvaro Jose Brenes De Peralta



Jeannine Yeomans

**Madeline Dane Ross Award (\$400)**

**Originally \$250 for international reporting showing a concern for humanity (any medium)**

- 1973 Robert Northshield and Vo Huynh, NBC
- 1974 K. Kenneth Paik and Harry Jones, Jr.,  
Kansas City Star and Times
- 1975 Mayo Mohs in Time Magazine
- 1976 June Goodwin, Christian Science Monitor
- 1977 Reza Baraheni in Penthouse Magazine
- 1978 Alvaro Jose Brenes de Peralta and  
Jeannine Yeomans, KRON-TV



#### OPC PRESIDENT'S AWARD

- 1956 Endre Marton, AP
- 1968 The newsmen of Czechoslovakia, all media
- 1969 Neil A. Armstrong
- 1972 International Committee to Free Journalists held in Southeast Asia
- 1974 Lowell Thomas
- 1975 No award
- 1976 Don Bolles, Arizona Republic (posthumously)
- 1977 Donald Woods, The Daily Dispatch, East London, South Africa
- 1978 Joe Alex Morris, Jr., Los Angeles Times (posthumously)



Joe Alex Morris, Jr.

#### Bob Considine Memorial Award

**For best reporting in any medium, requiring exceptional courage and initiative (\$1,000 from King Features Syndicate)**

- 1975 Sydney H. Schanberg, N.Y. Times
- 1976 Robin Wright, Christian Science Monitor

#### SPECIAL AWARDS\*

- 1961 Robert Fuoss, Saturday Evening Post; John Denson, N.Y. Herald Tribune (For new and original concepts in the field of communication of ideas)
- 1964 John Scali, ABC News (For outstanding journalistic achievement)  
Station KTLA-TV, Los Angeles, and Baldwin Baker, Jr. (For outstanding journalistic achievement)
- 1965 David Sarnoff
- 1966 Henry R. Luce

\*Supplementary awards were made in 1940 to Hallett Abend, N.Y. Times, and Edward R. Murrow, CBS, for outstanding coverage of events in the Far East and Europe, respectively.



# Johnson & Johnson

Family of Companies



Perhaps best known for baby products and adhesive bandages, Johnson & Johnson is much more — a leader in professional health care products such as sutures, surgical dressings, dental products, diagnostic equipment, veterinary products and many others; pharmaceuticals ranging from oral contraceptives to antifungals to psychiatric compounds; and industrial products such as tapes, nonwoven textiles and edible sausage casings. It is a worldwide family of 150 companies based in 50 countries, selling in 149 nations and employing more than 67,000 people.

## International Operations

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Belgium	Ivory Coast	Singapore
Brazil	Jamaica	South Africa
Canada	Japan	Spain
Chile	Kenya	Sweden
Colombia	Malaysia	Switzerland
Denmark	Mexico	Taiwan
Ecuador	Mozambique	Thailand
England	The Netherlands	Trinidad
France	New Zealand	Uruguay
Germany	Nigeria	Venezuela
Greece	Pakistan	Wales
Guatemala	Panama	Zambia
Hong Kong	Peru	



